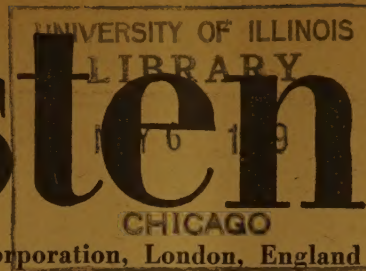


# The Listener

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Greek warriors: detail from a decorated bowl shown in 'The Age of Victory', the second of three programmes of personal reflection by Sir Compton Mackenzie on B.B.C. Television (see also page 665)

## **The Politics of Oil**

By Georg Tugendhat

## **Alexis de Tocqueville**

By Max Beloff

## **Archaeology on B.B.C. Television**

By Paul Johnstone

## **Origins of African Nationalism**

By Roland Oliver

## **Jean Cocteau**

By Owen Holloway

## **Fitting the Job to the Worker**

By D. E. Broadbent

Art, Bridge, Crossword, Music, New Novels, Radio Criticism





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## The Politics of Oil

By GEORG TUGENDHAT

IT is a feature of our time that the political problems surrounding oil have become more important than the economic ones and that Britain is more affected by them than any other country. During the last two years we have seen the establishment of a new import policy for oil by the United States, the emergence of national energy policies in almost all countries, the setting up of the Common Market and the achievement of full independence by the Arab States.

Political sovereignty has given rise to political claims upon the established concessionary companies. We are now also faced with the many problems caused by the European recession which has led to an accumulation of coal stocks in these countries and on the Continent, and by the appearance of the Soviet Union as a big exporter of oil and possibly coal. There have been serious price cuts for oil and finished products in the Middle East and Venezuela. As British and Anglo-Dutch Companies control an appreciable part of the production and distribution of oil in the free world and have important interests in the United States we are vitally affected by all these developments.

In the United States, only a short while ago the voluntary oil import restrictions which have been in force for some time were replaced by mandatory controls which have fixed import quotas much below the current levels. In this country these measures are looked upon as a temporary strengthening of the policy designed to protect the American oil industry against the consequences of the present recession. There is widespread belief that with the return of boom conditions the United States will again open its frontiers to increased oil imports.

In my opinion this interpretation is wrong. I believe that we are

faced with a fundamental change in American commercial policy which may best be expressed as a switch from comparative 'free trade' to 'national security'. 'The new curbs', said the President recently, 'were made for reasons of national security, they are intended to stimulate exploration for oil at home and to ensure a sufficient supply in case war blocks the nation's sea lanes'. The need to stimulate exploration is based upon the fact that 1958 was the second consecutive year in which domestic reserves showed a net decline. This failure of the American oil industry to maintain a fairly constant reserves-to-production ratio despite the steady growth in demand is due to a number of reasons.

First, it is believed that the chances of finding any fresh oilfield with a reserve of more than 100,000,000 barrels are now slight. It will, therefore, be necessary to increase exploratory drilling in order to find a greater number of small fields. Secondly, the increased cost of exploration has made it impossible to produce crude oil profitably at current prices. Because Defence authorities in the United States insist that known reserves should equal at least fifteen years of current production, there is only one possible solution; oil production must be made profitable so as to stimulate exploratory drilling. Failing this, the only alternative, as a leading United States oil journal recently put it, 'would be the doom of the nation's security—a have-not position in the essential liquid energy for any emergency'.

To me the 'national security' argument as a means of encouraging exploratory drillings marks a radical departure from former policies. During the last forty years there have been repeated scares concerning the early exhaustion of American oil reserves. In the past these fears have inevitably led to exploitation of oil



deposits outside the United States. The demand for a participation in the capital of the Iraq Oil Company, for instance, in the nineteen-twenties was based upon the claim that the United States had bled itself dry for the sake of its allies during the first world war. Similar arguments were put forward when the United States claimed the right of entry to the Middle East oilfields which hitherto had been a wholly British preserve. Now the United States Government has turned its back upon foreign reserves and has adopted a policy which will make the States independent of foreign imports. This, in my opinion, is not a temporary step but a long-term and permanent measure. Technological developments have now made it possible to produce crude oil at competitive prices from the enormous and hitherto untapped shale deposits. It is estimated that the quantity of oil which could be produced from these shales is equivalent to several hundred years of the current production. Apart from oil there is coal, the production of which can still be greatly expanded. Lastly, in the more distant future, there will be nuclear energy.

### All-powerful Oil Producers

I believe that the American Government will exploit these factors because only then will it be possible to avoid interfering with the politically all-powerful oil producers in Texas and the other oil States. In the United States the ownership of minerals is vested in the owner of the land. There are nearly 500,000 wells which are largely in the hands of individuals, although the actual exploitation is carried out by a number of companies. These wells are producing on an average only two tons of oil per day as compared with several hundred to a thousand tons in Venezuela and a thousand tons or more in the Middle East. American oil experts have pointed out that with modern production methods, such as exist in the Middle East, Texas and Louisiana, for instance, could produce oil at costs competitive with those elsewhere. Under conditions of free imports the appropriate rationalization measures would undoubtedly have been taken but under present conditions there is no incentive to do so. An arrangement known as the Inter State Oil Compact which is backed by State legislation completely protects the producer, however small. With rising prices for steel and labour, the cost of individual drilling will increase and so will the pressure from the oil States to safeguard the profitability of their industry. The emergence of a large-scale shale oil industry will create another vested interest demanding protection against low cost oil imports.

In these circumstances I fail to see on what grounds we can hope for a relaxation of American oil import restrictions. Even worse, I think that for some time to come we shall have to reckon with the United States being an exporter of coal. It is worth recording that within a few days of the imposition of mandatory import controls on oil the United States Government protested against import restrictions imposed by the West German Government on American coal.

### European National Energy Policies

The imposition of protective measures against the import of foreign coal in Germany, Belgium, and elsewhere is only part of the overall policy which is now coming into being and which will affect the oil business fundamentally. The principal industrial countries of Europe have now embarked upon their own national energy policies because they wish to control as far as possible their own fuel supplies at home and abroad. Furthermore, most European countries have now formed their own national oil companies and have intensified the search for oil and natural gas within their own territories. In Europe the production of oil and natural gas has nearly doubled during the last few years. Concession agreements have been concluded with a number of oil-producing countries. Most important of all has been the opening up of the Sahara. According to present programmes France should by 1965 or thereabouts be able to meet most of her requirements of liquid and gaseous fuels from Africa and Metropolitan France.

The national fuel policies of the leading European States are already an established fact. I do not know whether the autonomous fuel policies will be replaced by an overall Common Market fuel policy. But it certainly is the purpose of the Common Market

to give every preference to the goods produced within the Community and to foster the development of its own natural resources. I believe, therefore, that every priority will be given to oils produced within their territories and those controlled by the nationally owned oil companies. If it should be necessary to restrict oil consumption for the sake of coal then Community produced oils will be the last to suffer.

Until a few years ago it was firmly believed that the Soviet Union would never become a major producer of oil and natural gas, let alone an exporter. I have never been able to understand why the Soviet Union should not find oil and natural gas in large quantities, since its territory contains oil-bearing basins of enormous size. When I was in Moscow some years ago I was struck by the optimism with which the oil executives of the Soviet Union viewed the future of oil production and exports. The export targets which they gave me at the time have been fully met. Data presented by a Soviet representative at the recent Nuclear Conference in Geneva show that the Soviet Union is likely to become one of the world's largest producers of oil. Admittedly many of these deposits lie inland, but it is known that there exists already a vast network of oil and natural gas pipelines. It is intended to link them up with the Baltic ports and to extend them towards the western frontiers of East Germany. I feel sure that we shall see a certain penetration by Russian oils in the various markets, and we should also be prepared for an increasing number of barter arrangements in which Russian oils will be exchanged for raw materials and industrial products such as the recent deal between the Soviet Union and the Associated Portland Cement Group.

### Situation in the Middle East

On the eve of the Pan-Arabian Congress it may seem strange that I have not yet referred to the Middle East. My reason is that I believe that the whole Middle East situation must be judged against the background of American import policy, autarchy in Europe, and the appearance of the Soviet Union as a big exporter of oil. Arab demands on the oil companies can be summarized as follows: first, greater political control over the oil companies and a bigger share in their profits; secondly, some modification of the monopoly concession rights granted to the companies—hence Lord Monckton's negotiations in Iraq; thirdly, the establishment of Arab-owned oil companies controlling operations from the wells to the roadside petrol station and the setting up of a common oil policy amongst the Arab States including Iran. Also, it was intended to discuss an oil producers' code governing oil production all over the world. This ambitious project has fallen to the ground because a number of the guests turned down their invitations.

But in view of the present political situation in the Middle East I do not think that it will be possible to evolve a common Arab policy. Yet lack of unanimity on matters of common policy will not affect demands by the individual States for a greater control over the operations of the concessionaire companies and for a bigger share in their profits. There is tremendous pressure from the masses for better living conditions which means an acceleration and extension of existing development programmes. Linked with these demands is the desire to own and control the natural riches of the country and to prevent Arab oil from benefiting Arab enemies. A clause to this effect has already been inserted into the recent agreements concluded between a Japanese company and the Governments of Saudi Arabia and Kuwait. (For instance, at the moment this would undoubtedly exclude sales to Israel.)

The atmosphere in Arabia is highly charged with emotionalism and is racked by political rivalries supported by outside influences. In these conditions anything can happen. But nothing which the Arab States may do can alter the fundamental facts of the situation. Oil revenue can be derived only from the sale of oil and without the willing co-operation of the companies which own and control the bulk of the shipping, refining, and distribution facilities, the prospect of sales, except in small quantities, is remote for the time being. Secondly, the political uncertainties in the Middle East have compelled the consuming countries to look for alternative sources of energy. These developments and the appearance of Russian oils on the world market



now restrict the traditional outlets for Middle East oils. To put it plainly, this means that the Arab producers are no longer able to enforce their demands as perhaps they were a few years ago.

Given this situation, what ought we to do? In the past we followed in the wake of events. Now is the time for us to make suggestions for an agreement which will offer a realistic balance between the political and the economic aspirations of the producer countries, the requirements of the operating companies, and—most important of all—of the ultimate consumer. I am thinking here of the type of arrangement which was concluded some years ago between a consortium of the oil companies and the Government of Iran. Under this arrangement Iran acquired the ownership of its oil resources and the refinery in Abadan. The Consortium is responsible for the offtake of crude oil and finished products. And I would include at least some of the principal consuming countries in the syndicate which I think should be formed. This kind of agreement should also be made with Venezuela.

Countries which depend on oil revenues alone for an increasing

standard of living would need agreements of this sort to compensate them for exclusion from the vast American market—a market denied to them for strategic and political reasons. They would also go far to meet national ambitions of producer countries.

There remain for this country two vital issues. In the future we may well no longer be the owners or controllers at the source of the supply of the national oil we require, an objective which was considered by Sir Winston Churchill forty-six years ago as the ultimate aim of government policy. If this aim still holds good our only alternative is Canada, the only Commonwealth country with potentially unlimited resources of oil. But the United States has got in there first, although there is still time and opportunity for British developments.

The oil business has always had a whiff of politics about it. Now the aroma has become almost overpowering. In the past it was the companies themselves which were compelled to make political decisions. Now the Governments are in the oil business whether we like it or not, and they must be responsible for hammering out the kind of arrangement that I have been discussing.

—Third Programme

## The Origins of African Nationalism

By ROLAND OLIVER

**A**T what stage in the colonial relationship does nationalism have its origin? On the first day on which a European flag is run up an improvised flag-pole to the salutes of some shabby company of pioneers? Or does it start in consequence of the military process, usually called pacification, by which a new colonial government compels its new subjects to recognize its authority? Or does it start much later—for example, when the first students return from universities abroad, full of the ambitions which they have seen at work in Western society, and which they proceed to satisfy by prating to their illiterate countrymen of freedom and justice?

It is important to answer this question: in a practical way, because our future relations with African states are going to depend on our understanding of nationalist leaders and their outlook; in a more theoretical way, because it seems that, for all its early aggressiveness and destructiveness, nationalism is the creative force that is born of the colonial relationship, upsetting and superseding the values of the colonizer and the colonized alike.

What, then, is the history of the black man's first reactions to the white man? Not so different, it seems, from the history of the white man's reactions to the black. On the physical plane, usually marked disgust. The last Anglican Bishop of Uganda told me that he once met an old man who remembered seeing the first missionary ladies arrive in Kampala, having bicycled from the east coast. The Bishop asked the old man to describe his

reactions, but the old man was most reluctant to reply. At last, under pressure, he exclaimed: 'Well, sir, if you must know, I went behind the nearest banana palm and I was very sick'. Among black people fair skins are often admired. But European skin under a tropical sun is altogether too reminiscent of the creature that scuttles away into the shadows when you turn up the stone under which it lives. Morally the white man was—and in by far the most cases still is—considered to have many

serious failings. His temper is considered to be ill-controlled, his voice loud and rasping, his manners unrefined. He is gravely lacking in the supreme virtue of hospitality. Above all, he is guilty of really bestial greed, eating three or four times a day instead of once only, as civilized people do.

And so, in the imagination of people who knew Europeans only at tenth, or hundredth, or thousandth hand, the early white men became cannibals. Black children were brought up to believe that if they were naughty the white boggy-man would come and gobble them up. I myself knew an anthropologist who was working in a fairly remote district near the Sudanese - Uganda - Belgian Congo frontier, whose employers had provided him with a red motor-car, or rather a sort of van, closed in behind so that you could not see in. It was all too obvious to the local people what this van was used for: it was for collecting babies for the anthropologist's midnight orgies; and this belief grew daily in lurid detail, until the car had been re-sprayed and



'African resistance to European authority at the start of the colonial period': an impression of the Zulu War in *The Illustrated London News*, May, 1879



windows put in the back. John Chilembwe, the subject of a new biography, *Independent African\**, by George Shepperson and Tom Price, was taken by his missionary sponsor to America in the eighteen-nineties, to prove to him, and through him to his people, that the Negro slaves who had been taken across the Atlantic from Africa had not all been eaten, but that their descendants were alive and visible—and free.

### Europeans as Monsters

There were always a few individuals—like Chilembwe himself—who had had enough human contact with Europeans to know that they were men of like passions with themselves. And, as time has passed, the number of those individuals has grown. But the background to politics in most parts of Africa even today is a public opinion still individually so unfamiliar with Europeans that, even though many of the people may be literate and perhaps Christian, they think of Europeans more as monsters than as men, or at least as slightly monstrous men. Certainly this was the background to politics in Africa at the time when European nations were establishing their empires there in the scramble of the eighteen-eighties and nineties.

Our history books do not say much about the African end of this takeover of power. They are more concerned with the relations of the scramblers with each other. But African peoples were not in fact quite passive in submitting themselves to European authority at the start of the colonial period. All over the continent the first ten or twenty years of colonial rule were characterized by little wars, revolts, and rebellions. A few of the more important are still remembered by their names. There was the Zulu War, in which the Prince Imperial was killed, and of which Disraeli commented: 'A remarkable people the Zulus. They defeat our generals, they convert our Bishops, and now they have put an end to one of the great dynasties of Europe'. There was the Matabele War and the Ashanti War. There was the rebellion of the Mahdi in the Sudan. There were the so-called Arab wars in Nyasaland, German East Africa, and the Congo; there were Lugard's campaigns against the Fulani emirs of Northern Nigeria; there were the French struggles with Samory on the upper Niger and with Rabeh in the region of Lake Chad. There were the brutally suppressed risings against the Germans—the great Maji-Maji rebellion in East Africa—and the Herero War in South-West Africa. And there were literally scores of others whose names we have all but forgotten, but which were, and are yet, important to the African people who fought in them.

Considered from the imperial point of view, these wars fall into two groups. There were, first, the campaigns that had to be fought in the course of establishing colonial governments. There were, secondly, the revolts and rebellions against those governments after they had been officially established. From the African point of view, it is doubtful whether there is any real distinction between the two categories. From the African point of view the significant thing about both of them was that they were attempts to defend or to re-establish the state of affairs that had existed before the Europeans came. Whether they were resisting the initial European encroachment, or whether they were rebelling against it some years later, the Africans who fought were usually organized under their traditional rulers, and certainly had no other aim than the preservation or restoration of their tribal autonomy.

### Tribal Alliances

Whenever, in those early days of the colonial period, several tribal groups rose and fought together, as they did for example in the Maji-Maji rebellion, the European authorities tended to take alarm and to talk and act as if they were facing some new kind of threat—a general rising of blacks against whites. But such fears were symbols of their own sense of insecurity. They were prepared to credit all Africans with some sort of instinctive or magical power to coalesce and fight without organization, while at the same time they overlooked the fact that limited and deliberate alliances between certain tribal states were as natural a feature of the inter-tribal scene in Africa as they were of the international scene in Europe. When a number of tribal groups were in alliance to throw off an unwanted overlord, it did not mean that they had any idea of stepping into the overlord's shoes

and constituting themselves into a supra-tribal state which would qualify for the description of nationalist.

At what stage, and among what sort of people, then, did nationalism begin? The people perhaps provide the best guide. The leaders of a movement that can be called nationalist as opposed to merely tribalist were never, it seems, the great ones of traditional African society. They were not chiefs. They were not elders. They were not priests or seers or magicians. They were drawn, on the contrary, from the most Europeanized members of African society, always from people who had been to school, usually from people who had left home and lived for years in some kind of fairly close relationship with Europeans. They were people who, in their very enthusiasm for the things of the West, had idealized them and had seen that Europeans as individuals did not conform to those ideals. Generalizing from their experience, they considered they had seen through the European: they had seen him as a hypocrite, conspiring to withhold from the African the good things of the West, to keep always the best for himself, handing out little doles but holding the purse-strings tight like a miser.

### 'Breakage of God's Pure Law'

Mr. Shepperson and Mr. Price quote a pamphlet written in 1911 by one Charles Domingo, a Nguru immigrant from Portuguese East Africa:

There is too much failure among all Europeans in Nyasaland. The three combined bodies, Missionaries, Government and Companies or gainers of money—do form the same rule to look upon the native with mockery eyes. It sometimes startles us to see that the three combined bodies are from Europe, and along with them there is a title, Christendom. And to compare and make a comparison between the Master of the title and his servants, it pushes any African away from believing the Master of the title. If we had power enough to communicate ourselves to Europe, we would advise them not to call themselves Christendom but Europeandom. Therefore the life of the three combined bodies is altogether too cheaty, too theft, too mockery. Instead of 'Give' they say 'Take away from'. From 6 a.m. to 5 or 6 p.m. there is too much breakage of God's pure law as seen in James's Epistle.

Here, in 1911, after thirty-five years of missionary endeavours and twenty years of colonial rule, we have the authentic voice of early African nationalism. No question, now, of white cannibals or a return to the tribal system: the manifesto is in print. It is addressed to the minority who can read. It assumes that the writer and the reader alike have accepted the Christian religion. It judges and condemns the white man by his own professed standard of judgment.

The people to whom this literature was addressed were essentially 'respectable'. They were photographed by the hundred in their dissenting chapel groups, erect and dignified in their high, stiff collars and their serge suits, their women beside them in long, black bombazine dresses with starched, white frills at the wrist and neck. They were extremely race-conscious, but they lived in a world where the white official writing his report said: 'X, for a native, is quite intelligent', and 'Y, even for a native, is very stupid'; and where a white planter, writing to *The Nyasaland Times* said: 'No one should be kind to natives. They do not understand it, they do not wish it, and it is not good for them'.

The founders of nationalism in Nyasaland were the Africans who could read this letter. Their education was slender. Their political experience was nil. All the more reason why they should be radicals. But their conception of the state which was to replace the colonial régime, which was what made them nationalists, was essentially a Western one. It was to be a Western-type state ruled by black men with justice and without oppression. It seems that it was only exceptionally that it was conceived as something to be attained by violence. And even the exception—John Chilembwe—used violence in what seems to have been as much a demonstration as an act of war. By profession he was a Seventh Day Baptist minister; and having sent his followers on the Saturday night to cut off the head of the local white plantation manager, he held his Sunday service as usual, with the impaled head dangling above the congregation. But the manager's wife and his children were spared. They were taken to the rebel headquarters and shown every kindness. And on the following day they were sent home to the District Commissioner with a message from Chilembwe



that he had accomplished what he had set out to do and that he was now awaiting his own death. This was hardly the complete reversion to barbarism described by the contemporary European accounts. It was horrifying, but it shows the sophisticated sense of symbolism of a man very conscious of his place in history.

Nationalism in Nyasaland, as in so much of southern Africa, reached its first conscious self-expression through the influence of the independent Negro churches of the United States. These churches sent Negro missionaries to Africa; and a great many of the first Africans to go overseas went in order to get training in their seminaries. In the past the emphasis of European comment has usually been placed on the *independence* of these churches, as if to imply that it was their doctrinal heterodoxies which caused their converts to be the first to challenge the established social order. In fact, the emphasis should probably be placed the other way round. That they were *Negro* churches was more important than that they were independent. For it meant that the Africans who came under their influence entered straight into the heritage of West Indian and North American Negro reactions to Western civilization. They were protestants and radicals by inheritance as well as by experience. Whereas the followers of the missions of the ordinary European denominations—Presbyterians, Anglicans, and Roman Catholics—were born, as it were, into the establishment, and took longer to reach radical positions.

Yet nothing is more certain than that, today, the most orthodox African members of the most orthodox Christian denominations are politically in the nationalist camp; and the question now to be faced, painful as it may be, is whether it is not their Christian faith—and not any deviation from it—that has placed them there. The first governor of Nyasaland, Sir Harry Johnston, was not at any time in his adult life a professing Christian believer. Yet he was a man of singular intellectual integrity, and he saw

clearly this essential attribute of Christianity through the ages. He was by no means a sentimental negrophile. He had no pity, he said in retrospect, for the sufferings of the Celtic and Iberian inhabitants of Great Britain during their conquest by the Romans. He did not regret the Norman remodelling of England, and it was clear that the greater part of Africa had got to submit to a similar discipline. But those who imagined that 'this black and yellow world was to be governed with a genial despotism that smacked the naked Negro on the back in half-contemptuous admiration of his big muscles and satisfaction that they were going to be employed in the white man's work'—such people forgot that Christianity had been there before them, and had sown the dragon's teeth of education.

For 2,000 years Christianity had been defying with impunity Nature's pitiless law of the survival of the fittest. It had been tendering the hand to the feeble in mind and body. It had been curing the sick and sparing the deformed. It had been educating the backward and enunciating equal rights on the part of all races of Man, whether they were black or yellow, pink or bronze, naked or barbarous, clothed or civilized. One might almost dare to add that it had been promoting imperialism, and in due course bringing it to an end. A weighty point in the minds of many white Christians engaged in government and even in missions, is that the founder of Christianity lived in a Roman colony, and yet made it abundantly clear that the colonial issue was utterly irrelevant to his mission. To the black Christian such a distinction is academic and unreal. We have to see what John Chilembwe and others like him stand for; and we must remember that in Africa the things that are God's and the things that are Caesar's came, on the whole, together, at the same time, and from the same quarters. Therefore, Africans do not see the logic of taking over from the missions the responsibility for the things that are God's and leaving the pennies in the hands of Caesar.

—Third Programme

## Dr. Adenauer's Decision

By RICHARD WILLIAMS, B.B.C. correspondent in Bonn

**I**N his broadcast after his decision to stand for the presidency of West Germany Dr. Adenauer suggested that his listeners may have been surprised to hear of it. That was an understatement. Even seasoned political observers in Bonn were astounded. The architect of the Federal Republic, the man who more than any other individual had led Germany back to the community of Western nations, the leader with the inflexible will, who clearly enjoyed power, was suddenly giving up office, leaving the dusty arena for apparently no good reason at all.

For ten years, ever since he first became Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer kept an iron grip on the Christian Democrat party machine, and on the Government too. In matters of foreign policy, which were of special interest to him, he hardly bothered to consult his Foreign Minister. The older he grew the more simple the issues became. He saw things starkly in black and white. For the Federal Republic in those early formative years after the war, when democracy was still a fledgeling plant, he was a pillar of strength. But the virtue of a pillar lies in its rigidity. And when pressure was increased, when it became obvious that the Chancellor had no policy except to stay put and say 'No', criticism and impatience mounted.

In his allegiance to the West, his efforts to redeem a nation, Dr. Adenauer had a simple and massive integrity, and most Germans would pay homage to it. They were grateful, too, for the political stability of the last ten years, and the striking economic recovery after the prostration of the post-war days. But prosperity, like patriotism, is not enough. The Germans, too, wanted the present deadlock in Europe broken, the tensions reduced; and it seemed that Dr. Adenauer had nothing to offer beyond standing firm and distrusting profoundly anything said and done by the Russians. So it was natural, in a way, that Mr. Macmillan's visit to Moscow should prove a focus for his discontent. In

private, he made no attempt to conceal his displeasure and suspicion. When this became known, as most political secrets do in Bonn, a rift developed in Anglo-German relations, which is still there, although its importance has been exaggerated.

Then there was the illness of Mr. Dulles, the Chancellor's staunchest friend; while General de Gaulle had his own views about the future of Europe. No wonder that Dr. Adenauer felt an increasing sense of isolation. Besides, he was getting old—eighty-three—and working extremely hard all the time, controlling every important decision himself. In the end his own loyal party supporters became restive, and openly revolted a few weeks ago when he proposed Professor Erhard, the Economics Minister, and the author of Germany's post-war recovery, as candidate for the presidency.

The party defied the Chancellor in a way that could not be concealed, and his authority suffered accordingly. It was from that moment that the pressure started to make Dr. Adenauer himself the President, and he seems to have acquiesced without any bitterness. Rather typically, however, he refused to give all his reasons. To the public he said that Germany would be in danger for a long time; he spoke of the importance of the high office of President, adding that he had decided to become a candidate in order to secure the continuity of foreign policy in the years ahead. Then he made a significant statement, which has been turned over and pulled to pieces many times since it was uttered a few days ago. The future policy of the Federal Government, he said, would not change in the slightest. Was he speaking for his successor, as yet unnamed? Did Dr. Adenauer intend, when he became President—and this is virtually certain—to participate directly, even to interfere, in the daily business of government? If not, people are asking, how could he say there would be no change?—*From Our Own Correspondent* (Home Service)



# The Listener

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## Greek to Us

IN three B.B.C. television programmes, illustrated by a wealth of attractive photography, Sir Compton Mackenzie is recalling 'the glory that was Greece' and speaking of what Greece meant to him in his younger days. No one who has visited Greece, has seen the sunlight beating upon the relics of the Parthenon, or stood in the great theatre at Epidaurus can be left unmoved. That life was so different from what ours is in the extreme west of Europe. The classical Greeks thought largely in terms of an open-air existence, of arguments in the market place, of long theatrical dramas, of athletics rather than organized games, and of war service on behalf of their city-states. They were satisfied with a relatively low level of material comfort; they had no coal and very little meat. To them the idea of seeking a high standard of living as the ultimate aim of life would have seemed ignoble. Our mixed climate, which brings us so many material blessings, would have made the Greek citizen shrivel and die.

Yet the Greek, and in particular the Athenian, accepting the challenge of his relatively barren soil, built up one of the most splendid civilizations that the world has ever known. And his accomplishment should not be measured merely by his sculpture or architecture, his literature or his philosophy, so unlike the logic-chopping that dominates our present times. The Greek citizen delighted in his humanity and sought after excellence or virtue. But, on the whole, he was a fatalist and, as has well been said, a thread of tragedy runs through all his thought. To him the gods were less superhumans to be worshipped than symbols of the limitations on ordinary life. Homer wrote:

As is the life of leaves, so is that of men. The wind scatters the leaves to the ground: the vigorous tree puts forth others, and they grow in the spring season. Soon one generation of men comes and another ceases.

Thus life and love were seen in a universal framework. Reason was, as David Hume said it should be, at the service of the passions. The Greeks sought the praise of their fellow men and of their posterity. We are often reminded that we dwell now in an age of science and democracy, even if our democracy is a little shop-worn and under fire. The classical Greeks, on the other hand, it is asserted, based their Mediterranean civilization on slavery and the subjection of women (though scholars would carefully qualify these arguments). Furthermore they would point out the Greek contributions to mathematics and physics. Plato remarked that God was always doing geometry. What does seem to be certain is that the Greeks rejoiced in *a priori* reasoning and that practical scientific achievement meant little to them—ignorance of sanitation was among the causes of their downfall. Moreover they were essentially amateurs: Aristotle said that a gentleman should play the flute, but not too well. Nowadays we are all professionals. Only an aristocratic or leisured society can cater for the amateur. The Athenian bought his leisure at the price of other things—notably material standards and scientific comfort. In the last resort that explains the difference between ourselves and the Greeks of 2,500 years ago.

## What They Are Saying

Middle East radio war

THE ENDEAVOURS of a depleted Arab League, meeting in Beirut last week, to recreate 'solidarity and unity in the Arab ranks' by passing resolutions, have had no noticeable effect on the radio war between Iraq and the United Arab Republic. A Cairo broadcast, two days later, denounced General Kassem, the Iraq Prime Minister, as 'nothing but a pliable tool' of the Communists. It also accused him of collusion with Britain and Israel in the following words:

This 'divider of Iraq' has a secret agreement with Britain enabling the latter to obtain its oil and achieve its political aims in Iraq, in the hope that Britain will annex the East Bank in Jordan and Syria. He has been in collusion with Britain and Israel to liquidate the Palestine question in favour of Zionism. In return for this serious crime, the State of Zion will offer him a Mediterranean seaport.

A broadcast by the Cairo 'Voice of the Arabs' station attacked the Iraq Prime Minister for opening Iraq to 'alien intruders', in the shape of 460 Kurds from the Soviet Union. The commentary continued:

It is Soviet soldiers who will arrive in Basrah in a few days, not Iraqi Kurds. If not, tell us why the captain of the Soviet ship which brought them refused to allow the United Arab Republic authorities in Port Said to inspect the ship or even to board her.

The commentator went on to denounce General Kassem for arranging to hold a conference of Communist Parties (those 'slanderrers of Israel') in Baghdad; for driving out United Arab Republic teachers from Iraq; and for refusing to take part in the Pan-Arab Oil Conference. In an earlier Cairo broadcast an interesting echo of the Tibetan uprising was heard:

Just as it is trying to use Tibet as a spearhead aimed at Asia, Communism is also trying to use Iraq as a bridgehead to the Arab East and Africa.

The Iraqi broadcasters for their part have not been backward in assailing the leaders of the United Arab Republic. The day after the five Arab League countries passed their resolutions in Beirut, Baghdad radio spoke of 'the barbarous terror to which the Syrians and Egyptian Arab peoples are exposed'. Quoting Arab newspapers for news of yet another 'imperialist plot', the broadcast went on to say:

It is possible that a union between Jordan and the United Arab Republic, guaranteeing the throne of Hussein, might be established with the agreement and support of the United States.

Jordan radio was not impressed by the Arab League's showing at the Beirut meeting. It said:

No words can possibly describe the grief that gripped the hearts of sincere Arabs when the meetings of the Political Committee of the Arab League resulted in the resolutions published to the world. The resolutions do not indicate that the Committee has effectively dealt with the dispute raging between certain sister Arab States. The resolutions, apart from being simply of no value, have faint hope of being realized, because no positive steps for their execution were laid down.

The 'Voice of Free Africa' broadcast in Swahili a long commentary on the Devlin Commission of Inquiry into the Nyasaland disturbances. The commentator pointed out that although Mr. Justice Devlin had said that the Commission will allow Dr. Banda and other African Congress leaders to testify before the Commission, if they are allowed to do so by the Southern Rhodesia Government, this had not been an official statement by the Colonial Office. The commentator went on:

We say that the Commission will not be acceptable to the natives of Nyasaland unless it works without bias, and unless the Commission interviews the native leaders who have been arrested. Furthermore, the African National Congress must be given freedom to function, so that it may be in a position to state its views to the Commission, and to explain the causes which led to the fighting and the struggle which took place in Nyasaland. Unless all this is done, the peoples of Africa will not accept the findings of this Commission.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service  
DERRICK SINGTON



# Did You Hear That?

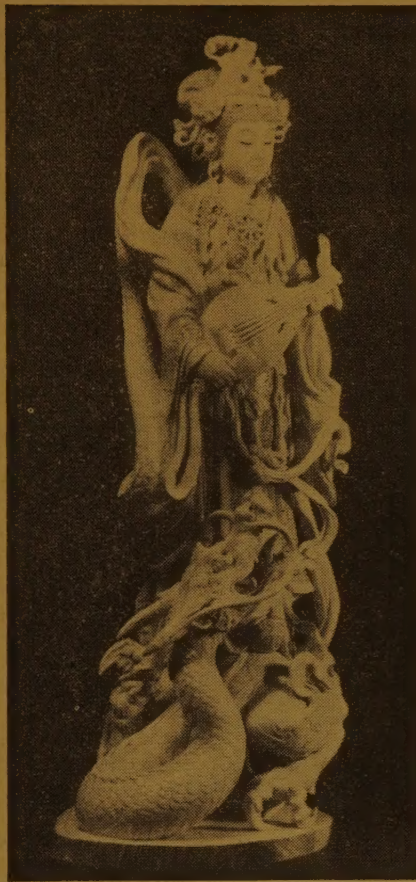
## OBJETS D'ART FROM JAPAN

AT MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY there is an exhibition of *objets d'art* from Japan. Many of the items were left to the museum there by the late R. W. Lloyd, and it is intended to provide a permanent gallery for them. STANLEY WILLIAMSON gave his impression of the exhibits in a talk in the Home Service.

'The museum authorities feel', he said, 'that they should be above all a feast for the eye, and as a deliberate policy have labelled nothing. The exhibits are left to speak for themselves, and for much of the time I could not honestly say that I felt the need for information. It helps to be told that most of the objects on view date from the late seventeenth to the early nineteenth centuries—the time of the Samurai, the rich, powerful, feudal barons who gave employment to the greatest craftsmen of the time, rather as a certain kind of aristocratic patron was doing in the western world during the same period, although against a different social background. And it is pleasant to discover that the wrathful figure, almost life size, who dominates the middle of the room, with his bristling beard and glaring eyeballs and whirling sword, is the god Shoki, the superintendent of the Oni—or "little devils".'

'There are cabinets and boxes made of wood, and decorated with the exquisite lacquer work which takes one at once into that dream world that makes up so much of our conventional picture of Japan, the world of remote and formalized landscapes, where the cone of Fujiyama floats serenely above a tissue of cloud, where temples rest lightly on smooth lawns, and bridges span decorously raging torrents, and many-coloured birds perch with a sort of immaculate arrogance among flowers and trees that were never disturbed by a hint of a breeze. But even in this delicate never-never-land a cheerful exuberance keeps breaking in, with some slyly observed human figure, or some splendidly grotesque dragon, all teeth and claws and glistening scales.

'I think the most attractive things are the carvings in wood and ivory. Some are mythical creatures, strange little animals and imps and demons, obviously taken from Japanese fairy tales



From the exhibition of Japanese *objets d'art* at Manchester University: an ivory carving by Roté of Benten, the goddess of culture, holding a zither—

'The taxi-drivers were missed the most because they are easier to get to know. The Paris taxicab is not built for segregation. It is just like any other popular car, and nowadays the newer the better. In Paris it is not necessary to take the first cab on the rank; you can take your pick: take the one on the end, or the middle, if you like. Some of the older drivers, who still include a few aging White Russians, are having to exchange their Hollywood film-type cabs for shining new cars that do not look like cabs at all. Whether they can afford to do this is not known. Taxi-drivers' incomes are known only to themselves, and are never revealed to anyone—not even to the tax collector. But it is known that the basic wage is low—the equivalent of about 2s. 3d. a day. But on top of this they get twenty-five per cent. of the fares and all of the tips. The profession in Paris is a closed shop. When taxi-drivers retire—some of them are still nipping round at the age of eighty—they sell their licences to the highest bidder. An average price is about £1,000.

'Paris taxi-drivers are happy and talkative men who nevertheless have their troubles. These are not limited to ordinary motorists and bus drivers but include three other problems, which they tried to put right when they went on strike the other day for twenty-four hours. They demanded the right to refuse any fare not going in their direction at the end of the working day. They insisted that

and legends; here you feel you would like to know something of the story they illustrate. Best of all are the human figures, the men and women from the Japanese market and roadside and seashore, carved with an astonishing realism and delicacy and, because many of them are so small, with an extraordinary intensity of expression. There are beggars and flute players, sellers of every kind of wares, wandering entertainers with bears and foxes and tortoises, a group of children playing "Blind Man's Buff", a fisherman casting his line, a pearl diver wringing the water from her clothes, and dozens more. And the smaller the carving the more the carver seems able to express. In one group not two inches long and an inch across, there are five people and a dog under an awning. One of the men is clearly having trouble with his shoelaces. Perhaps there is more in this of craftsmanship than of art, but simply to look at and come back to, time and again, these miniature carvings are endlessly fascinating'.

## TAXI-DRIVERS OF PARIS

'There were two days in Paris recently when bus drivers were not insulting taxi-drivers, and taxi-drivers had nothing rude to say about bus drivers', said DOUGLAS WILLIS in 'Today'. 'On the first of these days the taxis were on strike. On the second the bus drivers failed—as it is said—to report for work. Altogether forty-eight hours passed before the combatants met together in public again. Both were missed by non-professional drivers, who normally have some difficulty in being missed by them.

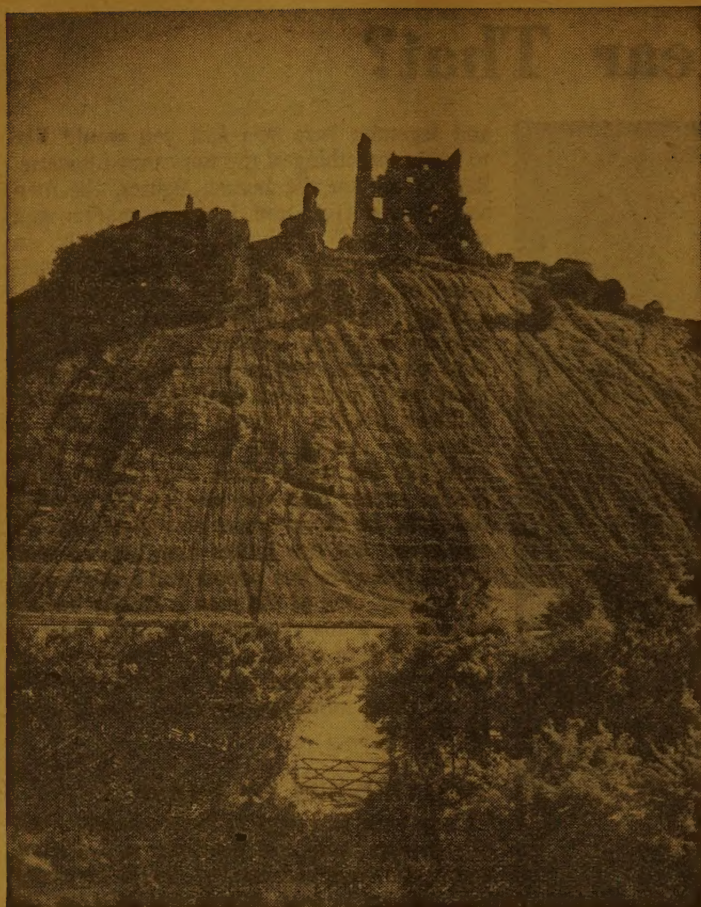


—a model of a crow, carved in wrought iron and signed by Munesuke, and—



—a wooden tray, inlaid in gold lacquer, ivory, and mother-of-pearl, depicting three men tasting sake





A recent photograph of the ruins of Corfe Castle  
*Leslie Sansom*

films showing taxi-drivers being knocked on the head by villains should be censored, in case other people get ideas. Their third demand was for more pay and lower taxes'.

### A WEST COUNTRY CASTLE

The ruins of an ancient castle, one of the most famous in the west country, are now being repaired by the Ministry of Works. It is Corfe Castle, near Wareham in Dorset, which held out against the Parliamentary forces during the Civil War and was reduced to something like its present appearance as the broken shell of a castle by House of Commons vote. That was in the bitter years of recrimination after Cromwell's victory. RONALD ALLISON spoke of the repairs in 'The Eye-witness'.

'My first impression as I clambered up the hillside towards what remains of Corfe Castle', he said, 'was that it most certainly is in need of repair. This, I know, applies to any building as old as Corfe, but here in fact the remains are in a dangerous condition, and a report issued some time ago made it clear that something drastic would have to be done if the castle was to be preserved for the future.

'So far, Corfe (or rather parts of it) has stood for some 800 years, and it has been owned by the same family since before the Civil War. The present owner is Mr. H. J. R. Bankes, and the cost of repairs, something in the region of £20,000, will be shared between the Ministry and Mr. Bankes. It is expected that the work will take anything from eight to ten years to complete. In the main, the task of the Ministry will be to consolidate the existing masonry by resetting the loose stones and strengthening other weaknesses in the building. The first part of the castle to be repaired will be the sixty-foot-high east wall of the keep, where the top courses of loose stones will be removed, the core work strengthened, and the original facing stones refixed.

'Together with many of the other remaining walls, the keep stands on the top of an isolated steep hill, and when I was there workmen were building a ramp up the hillside for their scaffolding and other tackle. One wonders how the workmen managed when they were building the castle in the first place. It is thought

that the keep was built some time in the twelfth century, and taking the stonework and other materials to the top of the hill at that time must have been a problem.

'The remainder of the castle dates from the reigns of King John and Henry III, but much more accurate dates than these can be fixed for its destruction. During the Civil War, Corfe Castle was surrendered to the Parliamentary forces on February 27, 1646, and on March 5, the same year, the House of Commons voted to demolish it'.

### CHURCH UNDER A RIVER

'There has always been a fascination about the idea of drowned cities or churches', said CLAUDINE MURRAY in 'The North-countryman', 'and there are numberless legends and traditions about them, from the lost Atlantis to our own day. The little drowned church I am going to tell you about lies on the bed of the lovely River Eden some twenty miles north of Appleby.

'In the middle of the thirteenth century the church of Leigham stood on a bank above the River Eden. It was in the gift of the local Lords of the Manor, and it was granted by one of them in 1280 to the Prior and Convent of Carlisle. The little church was dedicated to St. Michael. Leigham church and village had their share of stirring events and violence, as they lay on the route frequently taken by raiding Scots in the days of the Bruces; and apparently on one occasion the church itself was the scene of bloodshed and was for some time declared to be polluted and unusable for Divine Service.

'Its graveyard was used, however, and in a tragic way. About the year 1350, and again two centuries later, the dreaded plague, the Black Death, swept over that beautiful valley and the moors above it. The dead from as far away as Alston Moor were buried in the deserted churchyard at Addingham, as it was by then called. No record exists of the final act in the tragedy of the little church's story; but it is evident that in some wild storm the River Eden rose in tremendous flood, and under the impact of its waters the high bank on which the Church of St. Michael, Addingham, stood was undermined and collapsed. When the flood subsided, the church (all but a fragment of the east wall) was underneath the river, in deep water, out of sight.

'Years went by, and a new Addingham church was built farther from the river to replace the old. A rough stone cross, probably dating back to the days of the Vikings, and fragments of a still earlier Anglian cross, both found at different times near the river edge and carried to the new churchyard, were all that remained to tell of the ancient building whose story, as time passed, became almost a legend. Then, in 1913, came a long spell of hot, dry summer, and the river shrank far below its normal level. There, through the shallow water, could be seen fragments of masonry. Many stones were lifted and taken away to the churchyard near Maughanby, where you can see them today if you wish. The most interesting one is a Norse tombstone of the type called a hogback; a shape which may represent the upturned keel of the Viking's ship, or the roof of the homestead he inhabited in this life; and in the hogback we have a hint that the story of the church of Addingham goes back at least 900 years'.



'Hogback' tombstone in the churchyard at Addingham, Cumberland  
*National Buildings Record*



# Alexis de Tocqueville: a Revaluation

By MAX BELOFF

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE died at Cannes on April 16, 1859, just short of his fifty-fifth birthday. While he was a young man he had become famous by writing, as the result of a brief official mission to the United States to report on its penal institutions, the most celebrated of all books on that country, *Democracy in America*; the two volumes appeared in 1835 and 1840. But Tocqueville wished to be a man of action and not merely a student of affairs. His own family supported the elder branch of the French royal house; and after its overthrow in the revolution of 1830 he found it difficult to reconcile himself to the rule of the younger branch—the July Monarchy—whose authority rested upon a narrow stratum of the upper middle class. Tocqueville therefore figured prominently on the opposition benches in parliament for a number of years. In a celebrated speech in January 1848 he prophetically called attention to the spirit of revolution abroad in Europe.

The revolution of 1848 in France brought Tocqueville to the centre of events, and for a short time he served the Second Republic as its Foreign Minister. But the Republic was already overshadowed by the growing authority of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte: and Tocqueville, no longer a Minister, was one of those arrested during the *coup d'état* of December 1852 which paved the way for the Second Empire.

Out of politics once more, Tocqueville spent the remaining years of his life—years of increasing ill-health—in study. The coming of the Second Empire had directed his attention to the origins of the First Empire and the coming into power of the greater Napoleon. But what was planned as his major literary work—a study of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic periods—was unaccomplished when he died. Three years before he had given to the world its first volume, the celebrated *Ancien Régime*, what remained was a vast archive of notes and sketches, some of which have been published in our own day thanks to the devotion of Mr. Peter Mayer and other contemporary students of Tocqueville. The *Ancien Régime* and the even more celebrated *Democracy in America* remain as the twin pillars of Tocqueville's reputation as sociologist and historian.

Tocqueville's *Memoirs*, published many years after his death, provide one of the most important and illuminating pictures of France in the years 1848 and 1849; and in considering Tocqueville it is always necessary to remember this close interaction between his participation in public affairs and his concern with the wider historical setting within which his lot was cast. For this reason, not only the *Memoirs* but also his vast correspondence has to be taken into account in evaluating Tocqueville's contribution to our understanding of the contemporary world. And since much of this material is only now appearing, there is a sense in which such a judgment is only now becoming possible.

But if the mid-twentieth-century interest in Tocqueville, and this not in France alone, is to be understood, it is not enough to say that it has more to feed upon. What has always been the source of Tocqueville's attraction has not been his role as historian or as commentator on his own times, but his role as prophet. His preference for broad general ideas, his belief that historical evolution could be charted in terms of great abstractions, his conviction that the history of western societies formed a coherent and intelligible whole, thus giving meaning to comparisons and contrasts—these habits of mind made it possible for him to project into the unknown future the trends he discerned in his own day. And since his manner was dogmatic and his style trenchant, he gave in this way an unusually large number of hostages to historical fortune.

It is upon this feature of his work that many of Tocqueville's commentators have seized. James Bryce, for instance, whose own work on America was to rival Tocqueville's in reputation if not in quality, preceded its publication by a short study entitled *The Predictions of Hamilton and Tocqueville*; Mr. Mayer himself, before beginning the task of editing Tocqueville's work, described him in a book as the 'prophet of the mass age'. The centenary of Tocqueville's death provides an occasion for asking ourselves how his prophecies have stood up to the test of history itself.

The chief preoccupation of our own times is certainly not alien to Tocqueville's thinking; he was already aware of the changes of scale that were beginning to show themselves in world politics as a result of the expansion of the European peoples; he saw that while the Americans were peopling one continent, Russian settlement was expanding across the breadth of another. But while the Americans were mostly confronted with the problems set by nature, the Russians were pressing against other peoples who had to be subdued by force of arms. The Americans' principal weapon was the ploughshare; that of the Russians, the sword. This difference in the nature of their expansion helped to produce the vast difference in the social and political outlook of the two peoples. In order to attain their end, the Americans relied upon the strength and rationality of individuals; the Russians concentrated within the hands of a single person the entire authority of society itself. 'The one has as its principal means of action: liberty; the other, servitude. Their points of departure are different; their paths diverse; nevertheless each of them seems called by some secret design of providence one day to hold within its hands the destinies of half the globe'.

Nor did the passage of time shake Tocqueville's convictions on this point. In 1853, he wrote to his English friend and translator: 'Who does not know today that Providence has decreed that the future of the world belongs to two races only—the Slav and the English?' Of the possibility that non-European Powers



Alexis de Tocqueville, who died one hundred years ago today



would arise in their turn to challenge the supremacy of the white races, Tocqueville indeed shows no direct awareness. And yet the significance of the Indian Mutiny in this respect did not escape him. His compatriots took the simple view that it was the result of British oppression of the Indians. His own view was the contrary. 'I believe', he wrote to the same friend, 'that your danger arises rather from the fact that in bringing them closer to civilization and in giving them more correct notions in the field of government and administration, you have made them more dangerous to their rulers, and have diminished their rulers' prestige'. The recent history of Asia and Africa could surely be written in terms of a commentary on this text.

### Racial Antagonism

Nor was Tocqueville unaware of the historical consequences of racial antagonism, even though he did not share the racist philosophy of his friend Gobineau. Important chapters of the *Democracy in America* are devoted to the fate of the original Red Indian inhabitants of the continent and to the Negro slaves whom he observed on his travels in 1831-32. The struggle of the South to retain the institution of slavery would be vain; the whole historical current of the age was against it. But the ending of slavery would only throw into sharper relief the problem of the two races; for the whites would not willingly see emancipation followed by equality. The institution of slavery had given them a contempt for the enslaved race; and the racial antagonism thus engendered would outlast the institution that gave it birth. He could see no intermediary term between a total mixture of the two races and their geographical separation. He did not believe that the two races could anywhere live side by side on a basis of equality.

From our own perspective we may argue that Tocqueville was too pessimistic and that there is some evidence that in certain conditions a happier outcome is more possible than he thought. But if we put ourselves back into the eighteen-thirties we have to admit that Tocqueville's analysis permits an understanding of many events in American history that he did not live to see: the Civil War, reconstruction, the re-establishment of white supremacy in the South, and the painful progress towards desegregation in our own generation. Nor are these pages without relevance if we look to what has been happening in other parts of the world where the same pattern of race-relationships has been established.

But reflections and prophecies of this kind were incidental to Tocqueville's main and persistent interest—the development of society and government within the main body of the Western world. What were to be the consequences of the onward march of democracy? Was it capable of being limited in the interests of other values? Would it inevitably end in despotism, as the course of the first French Revolution seemed to prove?

### Views on Three Countries

Tocqueville's views on the three countries he had studied in detail, his own, England, and the United States, were coloured by the different relationship in which he stood to each of them, and by the different contexts within which his views were expressed. He visited the United States once and for a mere ten months. It was for him the pure model of a democracy in which the European countries could foresee the kind of problems that would face them as democracy progressed. His factual knowledge was limited and occasionally faulty; the magisterial quality of the *Democracy in America* owes almost everything to reflection and little to observation. That it has worn so well is the best argument against our modern tendency to over-value 'field-work'.

He was right in regarding the restless urge to practical contrivance as a principal characteristic of the Americans, and to contrast with this their singular conservatism with regard to general ideas. Basic ideas shift only very slowly once a full democracy has been established: 'Two things are surprising in the United States—the mutability of most human actions and the singular stability of certain principles'.

From the existence of this democratic polity, two further consequences would follow. There would be a tendency to exalt the mediocre at the expense of the exceptional, to concentrate on bringing everyone up to a respectable level of education and

achievement rather than to seek out and foster genius. Americans would be better at exploiting the practical possibilities of other people's fundamental discoveries than at adding to their number. All the post-sputnik discussions of American education and its deficiencies can be found foreshadowed in Tocqueville. Similarly in politics and social life, the danger to be feared was a level of uniformity brought about not by the imposition of some despotic form of rule but by the persistent, unseen, anonymous pressure of public opinion. Here, too, subsequent developments have more than borne out his view.

On the other hand, Tocqueville's fear that the industrial revolution might produce a new aristocracy less public-spirited and harsher than its predecessors, the territorial aristocracies of Europe, while it might seem to have held good in the short run would probably now be regarded as one threat to democracy that democratic institutions themselves have managed to find remedies for. But to this one might answer: first, that some American sociologists, Professor Wright Mills for instance, would not agree that the danger was past; and, second, that Tocqueville himself believed that the rapidly changing composition of the higher ranks of the manufacturing and commercial class was likely to prevent it from consolidating its power along quasi-feudal lines.

### Familiarity with England

With England, Tocqueville's relations were entirely different. Although he visited England only three times, in 1833 and 1835 and again in 1857, his English marriage and English friendships and the close interlocking of the political destinies of England and France over so many centuries, made the English scene a more familiar one. The more the pity that Tocqueville never wrote a book in which he might have set out his views in a more systematic form! Had he done so, the kind of prophecy that would have come out would have depended upon the date. In the eighteen-thirties, the speed of change was such that England, despite the advantages of an established constitutional system, appeared no less vulnerable to a revolution of the masses than continental Europe. Mid-Victorian prosperity changed all that; and by the eighteen-fifties Tocqueville could believe that the old order was basically re-established, that in England alone a stable system of political liberty and political responsibility was still extant. Here, and here alone, the balance between the democratic and the aristocratic principles was still held—and looking forward a hundred years at current arguments that England is not yet a full democracy, Tocqueville's analysis has once more at least the elements of prophecy.

In the case of France, the position is different again. Here Tocqueville was concerned not with study alone but with action. Tocqueville foresaw, and rightly, that peoples who had achieved equality in other respects would come to demand an equality of conditions; and this in European terms could lead only to reaction and despotism. He himself knew that the clock could not be put back. He accepted the taunt of the conservative statesman Guizot: 'You are a defeated aristocrat who has accepted his defeat'. Human beings were masters of their own destinies. On the other hand there was no ground for a facile optimism that they would guide them wisely. This was why it was worth studying Anglo-Saxon experience in order to see whether the institutions developed in America could act as a check upon the excesses of democracy. In the accession to power of Louis Napoleon, Tocqueville rightly saw no permanent solution to the tensions in French society. After Tocqueville's death military defeat brought the Second Empire down, and there was a further convulsion of which the Paris Commune was the most striking feature. The Third Republic provided a temporary equilibrium but events in France in the last twenty years—the fall of the Third Republic, the interlude of Vichy, the short life of the Fourth Republic—are all germane to Tocqueville's central thesis. The problem of limiting government is still with us—and not only in France. Tocqueville's reputation as a political prophet requires no further justification.—*General Overseas Service*

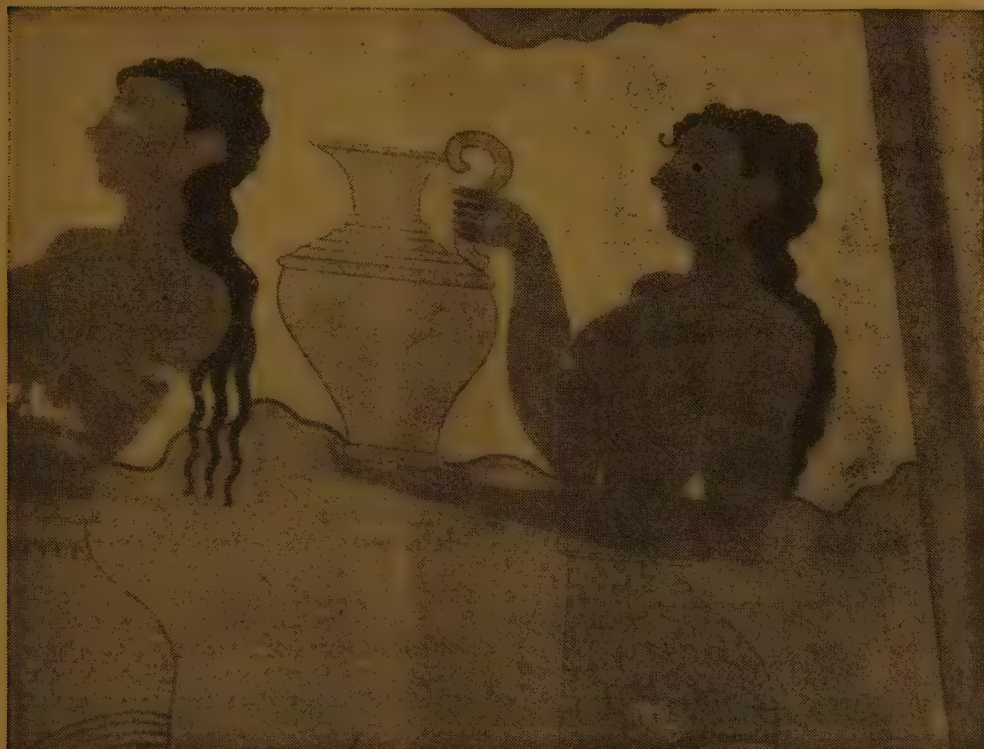
The University of Wales Press have published *Three Odes of Keats* by D. G. James, Vice-Chancellor of Southampton University (price 2s. 6d.). This lecture was first delivered at Swansea last November.



# 'THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE'

Stills from three filmed television programmes of personal reflection

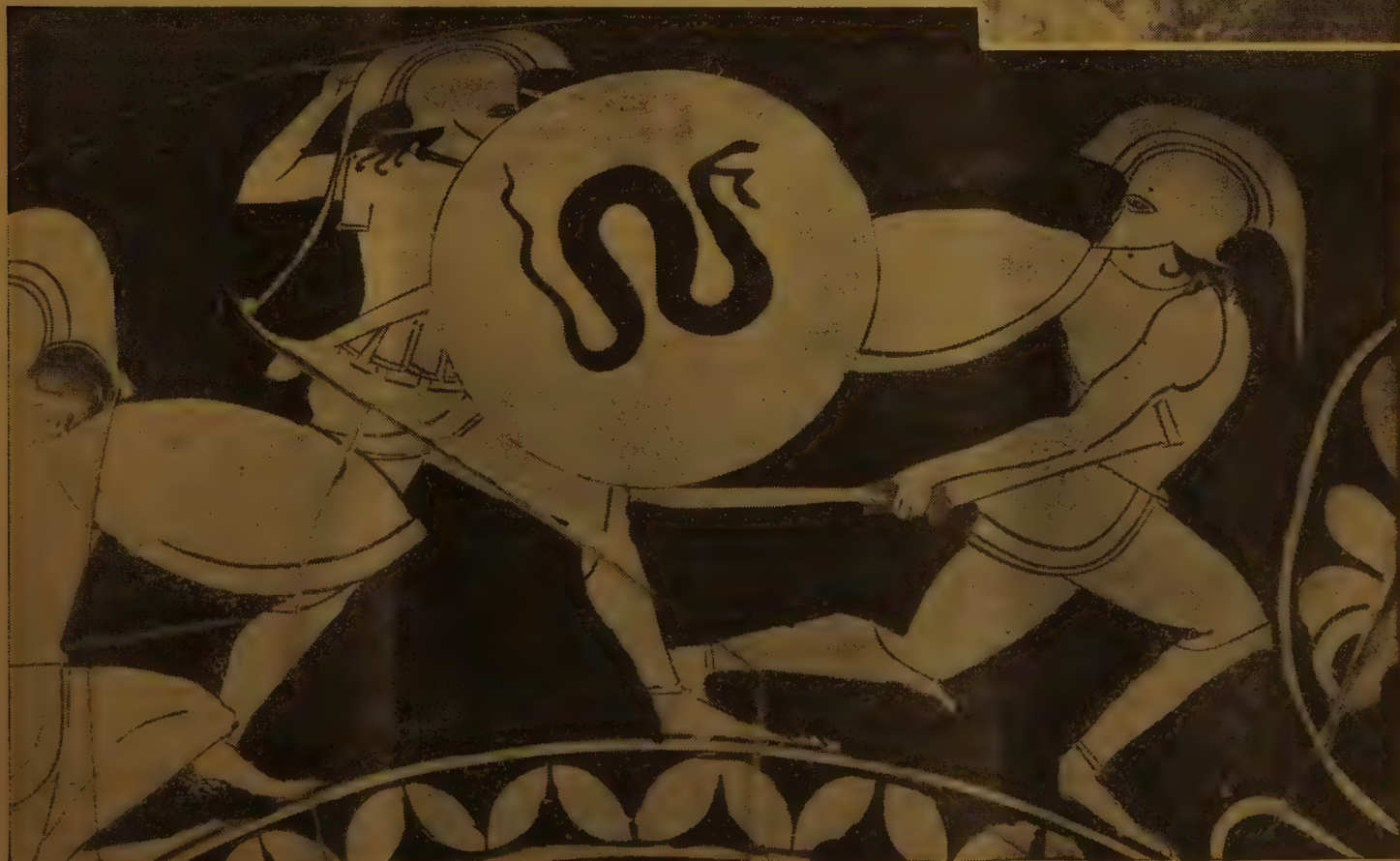
by Sir Compton Mackenzie



*The Age of Minos:* Minoan cup-bearers depicted in a 3,000-year-old fresco in the ruins of the palace at Knossos, Crete



*The Age of Civil War (431-404 B.C.):* a bust of Pericles, the Athenian statesman who led his empire in the early years of its struggle against the oligarchic city-state of Sparta



*The Age of Victory:* 2,500 years ago Greece achieved a victory of great historic importance by her defeat of Persia in a series of battles that began at Marathon, c. 490 B.C., and ended at Plataea in 479 B.C. *Above:* Greek warriors (detail from a painted bowl); *above, right:* a bas-relief of a Persian soldier, from Persepolis



# Archaeological Experiments in Television

PAUL JOHNSTONE on the lessons of the 'Buried Treasure' programmes

**T**HE trouble about archaeology as a subject for television is the static, impersonal quality of so much of it. In 1953 I was hoping to produce a new series of archaeological programmes called 'Buried Treasure', but first some way of resolving this difficulty had to be found. A mere dramatized reconstruction of the past did not attract me. With all the assumptions and imponderables, the antique tights and the od's bodikins, such efforts seemed always bound to lean too near the ludicrous for comfort.

One day Dr. Glyn Daniel drew my attention to Tollund Man and it seemed to me that here was the perfect starting point. A few years ago some peat-cutters working in the Tollund peat bog in Denmark had uncovered the body of a dead man. He was naked except for a leather cap and belt, and the cause of his death was clearly apparent, a noose drawn tightly around his neck. A local archaeologist soon confirmed that this was something more extraordinary than the unsolved murder case which the peat-cutters had first suspected. The body was some 2,000 years old. It owed its remarkable preservation to the peat, which inhibits the normal bacterial process of decay. After trying various experimental methods on the body, the scientists in the Danish National Museum in Copenhagen were finally able to preserve the head in the state in which it was found.

Striking as this face is in a photograph, it is even more so when one sees and handles it. It has shrunk to about two-thirds normal size and has rather the colour and texture of old leather. A day's growth of beard stands out round the chin, but the most compelling part is the expression. The resignation, the strength, the wrinkles at the corners of the eyes, give a feeling of personality that is almost disturbing, so positive is its impact. The only drawback to the head as material for a television programme was the effect strong filming light might have on it. The Danish authorities finally decided one filming session would do no harm and gave us permission to arrange this on condition copies of the film were given to the museum and the Danish television service.

Then we had to fill the rest of the programme. Dramatic as the head was, a discussion of it could not take up a full half-hour of a television programme, even with Sir Mortimer Wheeler and Dr. Glyn Daniel acting as detective, judge and jury on this 2,000-year-old case of murder. One of the more macabre parts of the museum laboratory's report on the body gave me an answer to this new problem. Examina-

tion of the contents of the stomach had revealed what Tollund Man's last meal had been. As it consisted entirely of seeds, it seemed feasible to cook an experimental copy of this Iron Age meal in the studio.

The seeds, mostly linseed, barley, and camelina, were obtained with the help of Kew, the Plant Research Station at Cambridge, and a bird-food shop. As the originals had shown no sign of burning or baking and they could hardly have been eaten raw, boiling seemed the likely method of cooking. We did this with advice from the Dietetics Department of London University, because I did not want our distinguished archaeological gastronomes to suffer any harm from eating this unusual dish. It turned out to have rather an unattractive appearance, an oily purple porridge flecked with orange seeds, but it was reasonably edible, and certainly nutritious.

This tentative experiment did more than help to launch the series of programmes successfully. It also gave a useful idea for the future, as the method overcame most of the difficulties of putting archaeology on the screen. The people taking part could do so as themselves, the uncertainty of the result gave a dramatic sense of excitement, and there was opportunity for movement and event.

In the next programme in the series, our experiment even added to the knowledge of the subject. When planning a programme on Stonehenge I was delighted to discover from

Professor Stuart Piggott and Mr. Richard Atkinson that, as far as they knew, nobody had ever tried to find out what difficulties the builders of the second stage of Stonehenge had surmounted in bringing the bluestones from their place of origin in the Prescelly mountains in Wales to Wiltshire.

To simulate a bluestone I had a copy made in concrete; to carry it across land I had a wooden sledge pegged together (with no metal) and to take it on water I arranged for three punts to support a rough platform; the punts took the place of the dug-

outs of the early Bronze Age. The manpower was more difficult. I thought at first of an Army tug-o-war team from a nearby camp, until the War Office told me the soldiers would cost nearly £3 a head. Finally I persuaded the headmasters of Canford and Bryanston to lend me their senior history forms for a practical lesson. It must have been one of the most strenuous of the boys' lives, but their gallant heaving and hauling made a splendid film. It took some forty of them to move the copied bluestone on the sledge, but by putting crude rollers under the sledge fourteen boys



The head of Tollund Man, preserved for 2,000 years in a Danish bog  
By courtesy of the Danish Ministry for Foreign Affairs



Schoolboys taking part in an experiment to discover the difficulties overcome by the builders of Stonehenge in moving the bluestones from the Prescelly mountains in Wales to Wiltshire





Six volunteers from the Surrey Walking Club marching twenty miles in a day, under the conditions of King Harold's army when it marched from Stamford Bridge to Hastings in 1066

became enough to achieve good progress. On the dug-out raft it was easier still. Four punting or towing shifted it very satisfactorily. The archaeological significance of this experiment is described in Richard Atkinson's now standard work on Stonehenge; briefly it showed that moving these stones from Wales would not have required the vast quantities of manpower suggested by some earlier writers.

Not all our experiments have been on this scale. At Zimbabwe in Southern Rhodesia a very simple one was equally effective. The most striking thing about that legendary site of King Solomon's Mines is the unexpected impact of a huge stone building in the middle of a continent of mud huts. Within its shadow, we simply lit a fire on an exposed face of granite, poured water on the hot stone, cracked it easily into handy pieces and watched one of the Africans who do preservation work on the monument repair one of the old Zimbabwe walls with the resulting building stone. It made one have doubts about those theorists who say only a mysterious white race could have built such a vast and elaborate structure in the heart of Africa.

Nearer home we tried out a working copy of a Roman Legion's *ballista* on the huge earthen defences of Maiden Castle. E. W. Marsden, Lecturer in Ancient History at Liverpool University, built and operated this formidable machine himself. The only worrying moment was when a cow, which had wandered unseen by us along one of the trenches, very nearly suffered the same fate as the ancient Briton whose vertebra, with the Roman ballista bolt still embedded in it, is on show in the Dorchester Museum.

There is an engaging sense of improbability about these experiments. They feel more like an end-of-term lesson or as though one had suddenly become involved in a nineteenth-century vicar's slightly eccentric hobby. Yet when we set out for the Fosse Way to see if six volunteers from the Surrey Walking Club could cover twenty miles in a day under the

same conditions as King Harold's army marched from Stamford Bridge to Hastings in A.D. 1066, we were accompanied by no fewer than thirty-three journalists and photographers.

To have proved the main point that some unmounted men could have fought at both battles would have required the volunteers to march up and down the muddy eight miles of the Fosse Way, which Professor Margery said most approximated now to the condition of Ermine Street in 1066, for ten days. But we did learn a good deal. The average weight of a Saxon soldier's equipment, chain-mail jerkin, helmet, leather-covered wooden shield, arms, cloak, and so on is thirty-four pounds, almost the same as a modern infantryman in full fighting order. The volunteers who wore them declared that chain-mail jerkins were surprisingly comfortable for marching.

The most difficult problem was the early medieval commissariat. There seemed little available information. Colonel Alfred Burne suggested pease-pudding. When I pressed for something more manageable, he agreed finally to coarse brown bread, gammon, and mead. It turned out that the world hundred-mile walk record holder was a teetotaller, but thought drinking mead was a com-



Painting of a fishing boat on a lake, in an Etruscan tomb at Tarquinia, north of Rome



Sir Mortimer Wheeler at Taxila in the foothills of the Himalayas: the remains of the temple columns in the middle distance show the Greek influence brought there by Alexander the Great

pulsory part of the experiment. His swaying course after the mid-day halt must have increased the distance he covered that day considerably. Nevertheless, like the other volunteers, he said there was nothing particularly difficult in marching twenty miles a day in chain-mail and 200 in ten days certainly not impossible.

Most difficult of all to organize was the reconstruction of a palaeolithic house, one of the earliest known structures in the world, at Dolni Vestonice in Czechoslovakia. The Czechs were a little suspicious at first. They



found it hard to believe that the B.B.C. would really send a camera team all the way to Czechoslovakia simply for an archaeological programme. However, when our films proved to them that 'Buried Treasure' units had already ranged from the Himalayas to Norway, been shown on seven countries' television, and that there was an audience of several million for serious archaeological programmes in Britain, they became most co-operative. The trouble was the materials for the house. The evidence for its size, shape, and construction was reasonably clear from excavation, but the roof would probably have been a mammoth hide. The best they could produce were two imitation cat skins from the archaeological rest-house. I told them that it did not matter what we used as we could cover it with branches, and went off to film the tusked skull of a mammoth which they were excavating down the valley. When I got back the house builders were smiling all over their faces and the roof was complete. The foreman of the local collective farm had lent them the roof of his cowshed!

### West Kennet Long Barrow

As the series went on, it was sometimes unnecessary to organize experiments, because there was something happening anyway which made good television. In the summer of 1955, thanks again to the help of Professor Piggott and Mr. Atkinson, I was able to televise 'live' a major excavation actually in progress. The site, the West Kennet long barrow, was appropriately in the middle of the Wessex countryside, whose prehistoric tombs and temples gave so much of English archaeology its early impetus. One camera with a long-focus lens was able to move from the West Kennet barrow itself over the lazy sweep of the downs in the summer twilight to Silbury Hill and on to the church tower within the Avebury stone circle. Another camera we managed to get into the passage of the tomb itself, so that it could look into the burial chambers on each side, while Professor Piggott deduced from the layers of bones and the skeletons with their missing skulls and long bones, the strange burial habits of our neolithic ancestors.

We took advantage of another exciting moment when the late Professor Seán P. O Riordáin was excavating the Mound of the Hostages at Tara. This mound, in the middle of early Christian Ireland's most holy place, had proved to be a Bronze Age burial site. As well as having its central chamber of big stones filled with bones, the mound, when its top layer of earth had been lifted, was studded with pottery burial urns, like raisins in a suet pudding. The first lifting of one of these was a most dramatic moment. This time it happened in front of a film camera, not a live television one, but there could be no rehearsal. The urn in question, face down on the mound, was the most complete so far found. It was undamaged except for one hole and a crack which had to be treated before it could be moved. After the surrounding earth had been cleared, a bandage was wound round it many times. Then plaster of paris was poured on the bandage and allowed to set. This would preserve the urn during the lifting and could easily be removed afterwards when it reached the museum in Dublin. All this we filmed. Finally by delicate scraping with a thin knife-blade, the earth was loosened all round. All was ready for the lifting. The camera turned and the young archaeologist gently eased it up with his fingers. As it came clear of the ground, a flood of burnt powdered bone poured out. Then, tumbling last with a slight tinkle, a vivid flash of green fell right towards the camera. It was a bronze knife blade, the solitary and most precious possession of its owner, buried with his burnt remains, and giving a sudden and strong personal identity to the anonymity of the crumbled bone.

### Twenty-two Jerichos

We were able to film a similar excavation in Jericho, the various stages of clearing and lifting one of the plastered skulls, the astonishing portrait pieces of clay modelled into features, with shells as eyes, over actual skulls which the ancient Jerichoans buried under their houses. We had to try to convey in one film the archaeological significance of the great trench through the ruins of twenty-two Jerichos, which was moving the origins of civilization back 2,000 years earlier than the previously accepted date; the magnificence of the site between the violet and brown

hills of Moab and Gilead; the green of the oasis with the grey rim of the Dead Sea; and the picturesque complexity of the process of excavation. In the early morning, when 200 Arab workmen waiting to move on to the site mixed with the women from the refugee camp bringing tall water-pots on their heads to Elisha's spring, the cast almost reached the proportions of Hollywood. The difference lay in their retaliation with an accurately thrown stone if they noticed they were being filmed.

Another sort of richness helped with Pompeii and subjects like the Etruscans, the Indus Valley civilization, and early Christian Ireland. Here the strength of the programmes lay in the possibility of putting side by side material of different kinds from many different sources, so that painting, illuminated architecture, and objects from museums could be shown next to the sites they once decorated. For instance, after showing the arena at Pompeii, we went on to a painting in the museum at Naples which showed the arena in Roman times and then to the gladiator's armour and finally to a detail on one of the helmets which gave a clear impression of a combat in progress. This mixture of material alleviated its static quality and took advantage of the effectiveness of detail on television. The television screen concentrates the eye in a way which gives a small detail much greater impact than when it is seen in a museum, especially if it can be well lit. Although a good still photograph can do the same sort of thing, a plate in a book lacks the living quality of an image on the screen.

These programmes have been extraordinarily enjoyable to do. Having shown Dr. Kenyon's work in Jordan, Sir Mortimer Wheeler's at Taxila, and Professor Piggott's at Stonehenge, I hope that as well as interesting viewers, they will encourage at least a few other people to try to continue in their splendid traditions. Future television producers may then be as fortunate as I have been in the material for their archaeological programmes.

## A Horse's Eye

I did not stop today at the five-barred gate,  
Did not wait for the old white draught-horse at grass,  
Unshod, unharnessed these many years; walked past,  
Preoccupied, but something made me look back:  
Her head was over the gate, her neck was straight,  
But I caught her eye, a wicked, reproachful look  
From one small eye slanted in my direction.  
What right, I defied the old mare, what right had she  
To expect caresses, the grass foolishly plucked  
For her hanging lip, her yellow, eroded teeth  
And her great historical belly? Of course she's a relic,  
Curious now as the old white country house  
That stood empty and alluring in the wood behind her  
Till converted into flats—not as useless as she,  
Who will never become a tractor! What farmer would stop?  
Only some primitive, animist, anthropomorphic poet  
Or week-end motorist looking for what he's lost.

I walked on; but plainly her glance had spoken to me,  
As an old peasant's might in a foreign country,  
Communicating neither words nor thought, but the  
knowledge  
Of flesh that has suffered labour in rain and wind,  
Fed, relaxed, enjoyed and opposed every season.  
Broken now. Close to death. And how differently broken  
From that Cossack mare the clumsiest rider could sit,  
All speed and nerve and power that somehow responded  
To the faintest twitch of a will less tense than her own.  
Wild nature still; her eye no peasant's eye,  
But lava under glass tellurian fire contained.

As for the old white mare, her reproach was just:  
Because she was too intelligible I had passed her by,  
Because not alien enough, but broken as men are broken,  
Because the old white house was converted now,  
The wood about to be felled, a tractor chugging  
Beyond the hill, and awkwardly she trotted  
On legs too thin for her belly bloated with age,  
Alone in her meadow, at grass, and close to death.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER



# Jean Cocteau: Professional Amateur

OWEN HOLLOWAY on the romantic nature of an artist

THE problem of Cocteau is the problem of all culture, outside the sciences, in a democracy. As a really universal figure in letters, Mark Twain, puts it, 'the thin top crust of humanity, the cultivated, are worth pacifying, worth pleasing, worth preserving, but to be caterer to that little faction is merely feeding the overfed'. It is plain that this is the origin of the self-torment you find in Cocteau. He says he has no chance of being understood by his fellow-men and he wonders why he should even try to communicate: why not just exist in his own private world? His aesthetics is an aesthetics of misunderstanding and waste. You cannot both be a good artist and be widely appreciated; inevitably people will fasten on irrelevant aspects of your work, and admire what are your worst defects. Genius used to suffer under a conspiracy of silence, but it is far worse off now under a conspiracy of noise and of publicity which is simply anarchy.

Cocteau, it is plain, carries about him a great deal of the life of his class in the halcyon world before 1914. He does not wallow in the mixed emotions that make a social inferior like Verlaine so unequal. I do not mean he is an aesthete, a dilettante or a dreamer. Rilke by comparison does seem to me that, whereas Cocteau is more down to earth. He is the precise Gallic-style 'dandy' familiar from a series of aristocratic middle-class rebels, like Byron, Lermontov, Stendhal, Leopardi, or, finally, Baudelaire. At the moment when the industrial era was first demonstrating what materially a society could accomplish, Leopardi ironically 'recanted' his indictment of this progress, and Baudelaire ended the *Fleurs du Mal* with the most moving poem of any romantic, in which he saw the pursuit of happiness still compelled to travel at the command of Death 'outside the known world, searching for the new'.

Like Baudelaire, Cocteau is a Christian; as much as Baudelaire he is the extremist of a romantic rather than realistic outlook on life. Art and artifice are to him superior to any pastoral fiction of nature; corruption is the natural state of things, not good; art is a sickness, which only those who are themselves sick will need to pay attention to. For all that, a romantic inspiration can compensate us for narrow circumstances. By the very richness of its invention it can recommend us to change our lot. Leopardi (his admirers will claim) 'produces the opposite effect to that which ostensibly he demands. Love, fame, virtue he calls illusions, and yet he kindles in you an inexhaustible yearning for them!' Much the same could be said of one who long ago Cocteau confessed was the great writer of France—that is, Jean Genet. The criminal setting in him is only half the story.

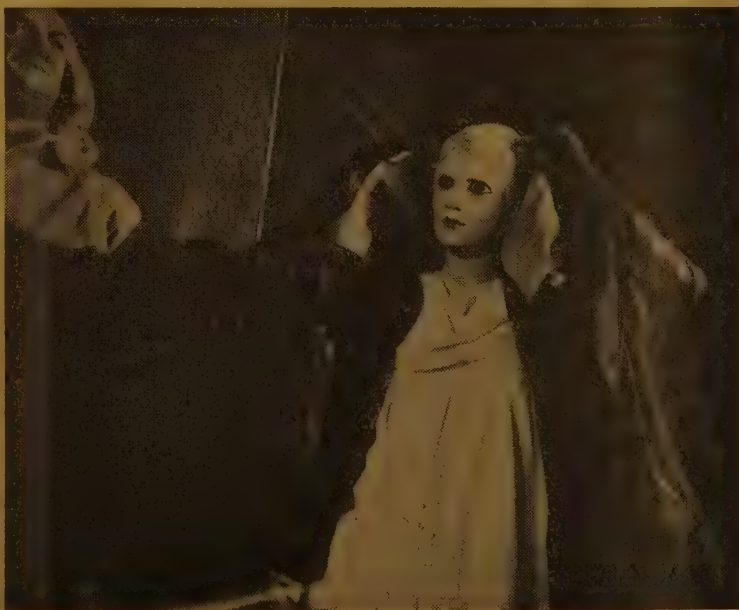
Cocteau as 'dandy', as romantic, always takes very much the artists' own point of view. His social standing allowed him to associate on equal terms with a variety of actors, painters, and composers—with practitioners of the other arts as much as with men of letters. His love of the theatre, for example, is extravagant, but it was the original recreation of his class, and that is good enough for him. All these things



'Born with so many talents in proportion to his genius that he is never completely sure which is uppermost, the genius or the talent': Jean Cocteau at work on a mural in St. Peter's Chapel, Villefranche

have made him versatile, and in fact he says he should not be judged as a professional at all, but as a gentleman and an amateur; a poet, whatever he is doing. He was born with so many talents in proportion to his genius that he is never completely sure which is uppermost, the genius or the talent. He would say he protects his genius behind his talents. Yet what he is most exercised about is to vindicate the truth behind all the lies about himself—if you like, to vindicate the truth of his lie!

The prayer of every poet, he would say, is that his utterances may at least be understood in all their singularity or absolute sense, free from a plurality of interpretations. May the poet emerge as in Mallarmé's sonnet on Poe, 'such as into *himself* at last eternity changes him'. Yet Cocteau does not want to be a monument, glorious but unread. It is not for nothing that the poet's statue is made to stalk through his film, *The Blood of a Poet*. He is haunted by the fancy of Novalis that the artist belongs to his work and not the work to the artist. Cocteau is never more obsessed with the problem of his calling than in his creative work itself. A graceful poem that opens the



Elizabeth Lee Miller as the statue which came to life, in Cocteau's film *The Blood of a Poet* (1930)



collection *Opéra* communicates his professional autobiography, as the title declares, 'in his own person'. His preoccupation with the visit of Orpheus to the shades carries a significance that was perhaps not present in the elegiac use of the myth by Rilke. In Cocteau, it had an analogy with that major 'sensation', the Annunciation and Virgin Birth. For an experimental mind like his, the great questions were: Where do poems come from? Do we ever really know what is and what is not poetry?

The access to the other world, too, is a far from simple notion. The poet continually faces the need to die to otherwise acceptable worlds. In the more tragic version by Cocteau (the film, not the play), Orpheus is solicited successively by married happiness and by his position in his society, as well as by forces from the beyond that promise an escape from the demands of life on earth. The labyrinthine relation of the day and the night sides of our nature has had an enduring fortune among French romantics since Gérard de Nerval first imported it from Germany, and never more than in the generation of surrealism. In his film *The Blood of a Poet*, Cocteau surrendered himself to the need to go down to the depths at which poems are conceived. It is congenial to the romantic element in the modern mind to feel that there exists a realm where the irrational is master and where time and space are of no account. If one face can turn into another in dreams, so can ideas. Here is the translation of a little song from his most recent collection, *Clair-obscur*:

They gave the dog a bone to gnaw  
(This dog danced at the wedding);  
The wedding guests want nothing, but  
The dog gives them his bone.

Straight from the barrel drinking  
(It was their stirrup-cup)  
'I know I hear that bone quite clear',  
The fiddler told the dance.

What a pace and what a feast!  
However, we must hope  
That thirst will calm the dancing down,  
Or empty stomachs learn to dance.

Of course it is the rhyme, and the pun *un os*, a bone, *une noce*, a wedding feast, that give the poem its accents of another world.

### The Discipline of Chance

How would he explain his use of these strange echoes? His puns, he would say, are not just light-hearted, but a matter of the discipline of chance. In the birth of his most religiously inspired long poem, on the angel Heurtebise, one phrase was dovetailed into another, echoing back and forth as if it were a proof in geometry. Concerned as he is to elucidate mysteries, he often cites the dialectic of fate and free will as antique Greek tragedy conceived it, but gods who are themselves at the orders of other gods farther off in the unknown seem to me less cogent than the spontaneous comic and poetic force of his own remark in the person of a frustrated photographer: 'All this has got rather beyond me; I had better pretend I arranged it!' That was in *Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel*, the first of the productions in which he was really himself, more than a generation ago.

I know he has owed much to Greece: to him, it means the intellectualism and individualism that offset what he knew his own romantic type of mind to be and that kept him out of surrealist allegiances (only his *Potomak* is a surrealist work). But Greece was not an unmixed benefit. All he does in the witty and urbane play *The Infernal Machine* is to costume and spice up the old material. Greece as an objective in the grand tour of a gentleman automatically involved him in a merely decorative evaluation of our own culture's lasting medieval heritage. You can see that in his *Knights of the Round Table* play or the version of *Tristram and Iseult*, or of *Rinaldo and Armida* or *Beauty and the Beast*. These are the product of his talents and not of his genius.

Left to his own devices, he makes the brightest fortune of any modern poet out of variations on his own mythology. Take his favourite pun on *voler* in its two senses of flying and stealing. As he writes in the poem 'Léone', which is a glorious apocalypse of the Occupation, 'in dream the sleeper flies; he thinks his destiny his dupe: he is a thief, who steals and flies', and this in fact is

what the hero does in the film *The Blood of a Poet*. One scene there shows a little girl in a trumpery dress with bells being bullied with flying lessons from a cruel Victorian dame. It is under the spell of what Dickens termed that 'very curious and uncommon game', the lessons in theft administered to *Oliver Twist*. The child, stolen from its parents while still young, alternates between circus performance and gipsy pilfering. Both require a vagabond daring, a blend of unconventionality and discipline, that Cocteau epitomized for himself in the symbol of the tightrope dancer. It looks back to the sublime mountebanks of Picasso and Rilke, the insubstantial nomad existence of men wandering between two worlds, but also, I think, to the opening poem of Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal*, about the agony for a mother, and for a respectable family, of a son who is a poet.

### Two Electrifying Poems

The solicitation of forces outside the control of society is a subject after Cocteau's own heart. The poetry of it is to be found in the most diverse productions: in two of the most electrifying poems in the French language, 'Les voleurs d'enfants' from *Opéra* and 'Le fils de l'air' (the one that begins 'La mère ouvre l'ombrelle et dit "Marche devant"'), and in his dramatic masterpiece *Les Parents Terribles*. There, in a household little better than a gipsy caravan, a sister is doomed to death by a sister in the name of order, though this representative of order is herself the first to be compelled to make her peace with disorder.

Cocteau is a moralist because he is a tragic poet, but we must not forget the claims of poetry proper. He has felt the need to stress that it is not prose in evening dress. To him it is rarely 'a man, speaking to men', let alone the coining of sentiments, easy come and easy go as naturally as the leaves on a tree. In prose, the words are nothing in themselves; the same thing could just as well have been said in other terms. But if something new is being said, as is the case in poetry, then by definition, because it is new, you will not be able to decide in any other terms what it is: you do not understand, you accept.

Cocteau has tried to reconcile the two worlds in our nature, the poetry and the prose, the night and the day, more adequately than the surrealist movement was doing. In an essay on Chirico, he conceived of the modern artist as having potentially the same opportunity as the painters of the ages of faith. His own burlesque (as it seems) of the wedding breakfast on the Eiffel Tower sought the miracle of every day; it showed conventions so much larger than life that they were really *seen*, and employed as an end in themselves and not merely as a means to an end. For anything to be simultaneously means and end is disconcerting—when the colour of a painting, for instance, is both the local colours of the objects and the palette of the artist and of his picture. The picture, or a story, has both the real world and its own world simultaneously present in it, and the duality makes it appear haunted. The terrifying truth of a work of art, as of a dream, arises from its being felt to have simultaneously so much of our own invention.

This is the phenomenon that Cocteau pursues in his prose masterpiece of poetry, *Les Enfants Terribles*. Anyone who loves him well enough to have followed him through any quantity of his work will have been struck by the abruptness there is in the very agility of his thinking. In the poem on the angel Heurtebise, for example, he springs from one mode of address and one evocation to another. In the formal essays of the volume *La Difficulté d'Etre*, a phrase incisive in itself will lead on by ellipse to the next, and this not only as an echo of Montaigne or of his own other self, Pascal. It would seem that fundamentally Cocteau is presenting, rather than representing discursively. In *Les Enfants Terribles*, under a deceptive appearance of narrating, he denies any real unfolding of events. For the tragic universe, time must be unreal, and the children are as the title says 'impossible', as mother and son are in the *Parents Terribles*, that is, of tragic intensity. If they were ever anything we could call childlike, they are just as much so at the end as at the beginning of the tale. The snow that transfigures the opening encounter in the school playground falls in silence ever after on the selfsame scene at the back of Paul's mind. In the hands of his hero Dargelos, the snowball that originally struck him down strikes him twice more; in the person of the girl Agathe who is the very image of his hero, and



finally when, into his dream-filled, apocalyptic silence there is hurled the ball of poison, of darkness, by the legendary Dargelos back from the dead.

The story is altogether an amazing construction of the mind, very different, for example, from the real-life rhetorical tragedy Faulkner made of the same theme at the same time in *The Sound and the Fury*. Cocteau's own dramatis personae might actually have come from a literary pseudo-Nietzschean of the pre-1914 brand like Gide. His aim might easily have been no more than that of the *Fleurs du mal* as stated by Baudelaire, 'a task as rewarding as it was difficult, namely, to extract the beauty from evil'. Dargelos, the figure beyond good and evil, whose satanic fascination we are required to hail as one of the ultimate arbitrary data of the universe, had already made his appearance the year before in a mediocre recital in the first person called *Le Livre Blanc*, in which he had been a symbol of the fatal penchant of the narrator and victim.

But in *Les Enfants Terribles*, he and the brother and sister are regarded with a sovereign irony as well as with horrified admiration. The symmetry of the two main and two subordinate characters, all of them orphans, is on a par with the preordained affini-

ties in Goethe's famous novel. The mechanism leading Paul's school friend Gérard from Paul himself to Paul's sister is repeated when Elizabeth's friend Agathe is discerned to be physically the reincarnation of Dargelos, whom Paul in day-dream has always made to love, honour, and obey him. Gérard has no illusion that he or anyone will ever win Elizabeth. Paul, on the contrary, is not made as his sister is, of steel, but only of snow: Agathe's very gentleness is fatal to what was in him only an imitation of the arrogance of Dargelos. To force her brother to remain the thoroughbred she is herself, Elizabeth can only brazen out the falsity of their position as two persons in one substance. The criminal perfection of their world of artifice, the midnight universe of their room, makes it in the end untenable. Themselves imprisoned by it, they demand that the other two accept its diet of marvels. Yet the first time we hear the sister's voice, it is raised in the suspicious query: 'Do you expect me to believe that?'

So the romantic there is in Cocteau finally states his own problem. He has got outside his children's world of dream. The divine amateur of poetry shows himself as the professional and the genius that he is: he finds the dialectic of the lie which will somehow be made to tell a truth.—*Third Programme*

## Richard Porson: Classical Scholar

By R. M. OGILVIE

IT was A. E. Housman's opinion that Richard Porson was the finest English classical scholar after Bentley. At first sight this seems rather a surprising judgment because, unlike Bentley, Porson was anything but a success. Bentley's career may have been stormy and chequered, he may have failed to achieve all his ambitions, but at least he was Master of Trinity, a feared and distinguished figure. Porson, who was born almost a century after Bentley in 1759, never attained any more exalted position than that corrupt sinecure, the Greek Professorship at Cambridge. Bentley has six or seven major volumes to his name; Porson has left editions of four plays of Euripides, a few notes and tracts, and almost nothing else: a scanty output for such a reputation to rest upon.

This comparative failure was largely Porson's own fault. He came from a humble family in the Norfolk village of East Ruston, but good fortune and the generosity of various patrons who discerned his great natural gifts enabled him to secure the best education of his day. He spent four years at Eton before proceeding to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had an equal success in mathematics and classics. He was elected a Fellow at an unprecedentedly early age. So far, Porson's progress had been remarkable. It held out the promise of a great future wherever he cared to turn his talents. But he declined to turn his talents towards any particular goal. An utter lack of ambition, an indifference to money and position gave him no incentive to advance his career by writing. He even refused to take Holy Orders, and so automatically debarred himself from any chance of academic or ecclesiastical preferment. There was little scope for a lay scholar.

Indolence and lack of ambition were not the only things that held him down. Addiction to drink was certainly neither uncommon nor

regarded as ungentlemanly in the eighteenth century. The 'dull and deep potations', which Gibbon censured in the Magdalen Common Room, were not rare and were not limited merely to the university. And in Porson's case drink brought some relief to the haunting insomnia with which he was afflicted from youth. But his drinking was excessive and fatal. Even as a young man he had been forced to relinquish a position as tutor to a boy in the Isle of Wight because he had been found drunk in a turnip-field. And in later years Byron, then an undergraduate at Trinity, wrote that 'of all the disgusting brutes, sulky, abusive, and intolerable, Porson was the most bestial as far as the few times I saw him went. In private parties he was always drunk or brutal, and generally both'. Byron is not, perhaps, the most reliable witness, but the facts are too notorious to be seriously doubted.

The miracle is that Porson was able to do so much. It is hard to believe that this same man whom Byron detests could have written such a minute and beautiful Greek script. Yet his manuscript copy of the *Medea*, copied out in his own hand, still lies in Wren's library at Trinity, and it has been the model for almost all Greek type used in England to this day.

Porson the man is not an attractive character, although we know from anecdotes what an amusing and engaging talker he could be when he was in the mood. Where, then, does his greatness lie? Most people would say in his editions of Euripides and in his study of Greek metre, a totally unexplored field in the late eighteenth century. He himself said: 'I am quite satisfied if, 300 years hence, it shall be said that one Porson lived towards the end of the eighteenth century who did a good deal for the text of Euripides'. 'A good deal'—a modest ambition, and one already achieved, because our enjoyment and under-



Richard Porson (1759-1808): a portrait, after John Opie, in Trinity College, Cambridge



standing of Euripides today owes more to him than to any other single scholar. And certainly Porson's ideas on metre were epoch-making. His law of the final cretic in an iambic trimeter is known by every schoolboy.

Yet perhaps Porson's greatest contribution lay elsewhere. Nowadays we are all familiar with attractively printed texts of classical authors; they look authoritative and final. Every now and then there may be occasional places where the editor expresses doubt as to the right reading, but for the most part there is little to worry or distract us. It is just the same with Shakespeare; we take it as a matter of course that the texts which we read today represent what Shakespeare actually wrote. We never stop to justify this belief. But compare the printed page, say, of Sophocles or Pindar, with a late manuscript and you begin to appreciate some of the difficulties that precede publication. Generations of ignorant or (what was worse) learned scribes copying and recopying a text had left by the end of the Middle Ages little more than garbled mumbo jumbo. Before a text can be printed this confusion has to be unravelled. The editor tries to get back to the earliest state of the transcribed text. If that does not make sense, he must suggest readings appropriate to the style and in the context. This is the nearest he can come to discharging his duty of restoring what the author originally wrote.

### Discipline in Textual Criticism

There is a recognized procedure for this, but it is a new one. When Bentley was faced with a corrupt text, he relied on an instinctive feeling for language, a kind of divination, to discover the original reading. He enunciated on more than one occasion the principle that 'Reason and judgment are more reliable than a hundred manuscripts'. But this is a hazardous method. As soon as you adopt a completely Cartesian attitude to manuscripts, you have no other check than your own judgment. Bentley's feeling for language was unsurpassed: even when he took to emending 'Paradise Lost', he always put his finger on what was arresting in Milton's language, as Professor Stanford said in his talk\*. But, as Housman comments, 'The characteristic which Napoleon so much admired in Turenne, that he grew bolder as he grew older, was not for Bentley a fortunate endowment'. Bentley's judgment was wildly capricious. It was Porson who first brought the necessary discipline and scientific criticism to the study of classical texts. He admired Bentley; he once said that when he was seventeen he knew everything, but when he was twenty-four and had read Bentley he realized he knew nothing. None the less, he saw that before using imagination or conjecture a scholar should establish the earliest recoverable state of the text.

Suppose that you have 100 manuscripts of an author giving a variety of different readings, how do you decide between them? You can count heads and give the preference to the majority. But ninety-eight of them may all be copies of the ninety-ninth, so that your majority is illusory. You can prefer a manuscript on grounds of age or appearance. This again is arbitrary and unreliable. A poor, late manuscript of the fifteenth century may be a direct copy of a lost seventh-century original. The only rational procedure is to sort the manuscripts into their groups or families, by seeing what errors they have in common. By this method you can eliminate any manuscripts which are copied directly from extant earlier manuscripts because they will contain the errors of the earlier ones with perhaps a few of their own. You can then build up a family tree of the various stages through which the text has passed until you get back to the primitive readings of the archetype. This is the presumed ancestor from which all the extant manuscripts are derived. The text may still be gibberish, but at least it provides a starting point for correction and, once you know what the ancestor read, you can discard the evidence of all the later manuscripts.

This was the method which Porson introduced. Many of his emendations are brilliant, but he appreciated the importance of establishing the manuscript tradition as a first priority. In 1783 he was invited by the Syndics of the Cambridge Press to supervise a revised edition of Stanley's 'Aeschylus'. He realized that a proper edition required a proper study of the manuscripts of Aeschylus. So he asked the Syndics to defray the expenses of a visit to Florence in order that he could collate the primary manuscript, the 'Mediceus'. The Syndics, inspired by the age-old

Philistinism of the Master of Clare, refused. 'Let Mr. Porson collect his manuscripts at home'. Porson abandoned the project to edit Aeschylus: Bentley would have gone on with it, substituting conjecture for collation. But Porson was right. No real progress in the elucidation of Aeschylus was made until an accurate collation of the 'Mediceus' was combined with the enlightening power of a Wilamowitz.

### Triumph over George Travis

Porson's method was triumphantly displayed only once, and it was at the very beginning of his career. In the thirty-seventh chapter of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Gibbon attacked the forgeries used by the theologians to outwit and defeat the Arian heretics. As an example of this he took the interpolated verse in the first Epistle of St. John, chapter 5, verse 7: 'For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one'. This verse is the clearest statement of the doctrine of the Trinity in the New Testament, and it was frequently employed in defence of that doctrine. But its authenticity had long been suspect. Gibbon's attack on it was by no means either novel or original. Indeed, Bentley had condemned it in his *Praelection* as Professor of Divinity in 1717; but Gibbon's strictures on this 'pious fraud' which was embraced with equal zeal at Rome and at Geneva, gave much offence and led to numerous divines rushing to the support of the verse.

Foremost and most ill-advised of these champions was George Travis, Archdeacon of Durham, who published a series of muddled letters in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1782. This was the time when Porson was facing the decision whether to take Holy Orders or not. It was not easy for him. 'I found', he said, 'that I should require about fifty years' reading to make myself thoroughly acquainted with divinity—to satisfy my mind on all points'. He decided not to; but one result of his studies was that he was goaded into activity by Travis's shoddy work, and in 1788 produced a rejoinder in the form of seven letters to *The Gentleman's Magazine* on the 'Three Heavenly Witnesses'.

What Porson did was to examine in detail the Greek and Latin manuscript tradition of the verse. He grouped the manuscripts into their respective families and in the process eliminated several purely mythical manuscripts, such as those reputed to have been used by Stephanus and Beza 'which were too good for this world and therefore are no longer visible on earth . . . but are safely deposited in a snug corner of the moon, fit company for Constantine's donation, Orlando's wit, and Mr. Travis's learning'. He demonstrated that the verse was not contained in the oldest Greek manuscripts of the New Testament and that it made its first appearance in Latin manuscripts about A.D. 400 and after that in the Vulgate. It was only as a consequence of the influence of this Latin text that it passed at a very late date into a few, secondary Greek manuscripts and was printed in the third (1522) edition of Erasmus's Greek Bible. As confirmation of this, he showed that the verse is never cited by any of the early Fathers—a remarkable oversight in view of its theological implications.

Porson's arguments are cogent and decisive. His systematic classification of the manuscripts is masterly. Gibbon called it 'the most acute and accurate piece of criticism which has appeared since the days of Bentley'. The justice of that opinion still stands. Piety, or rather superstition, may still secure the verse its latter-day Trivises but no one has been able to advance a single piece of evidence to upset Porson's remorseless reasoning. It remains an object lesson in scientific scholarship.

### Born Too Early

Porson was born out of his time. He wanted and needed the thorough collations of manuscripts on which modern scholars are now able to base their text. But these were simply not available in the eighteenth century. Libraries were not properly catalogued and, even if they were, were hard to consult. The luckless Boyle suffered indignity after indignity in his attempt to examine a manuscript of which Bentley was the keeper. There were no microfilms, no mechanical devices of any sort to facilitate the scholar's task. Porson himself undertook single-handed the collation of the



Harleian manuscript of Homer for the Grenville edition published in 1801. But a sense of frustration increasingly depressed and discouraged him. He knew that he could not lay his hands on the information which was indispensable for a worth-while edition of Aeschylus or Euripides or Aristophanes; and so, in his own words, he gradually 'became a misanthrope from a morbid excess of sensibility', unable for the last seven years of his life after 1801 to put his heart into any prolonged or connected undertaking.

The same frustrations which discouraged Porson hindered others for nearly a century from taking full advantage of Porson's lead. The revolution has occurred within living memory. Suddenly, thousands of manuscripts scattered throughout Europe have become accessible and common knowledge. This new evidence has not yet been properly digested. The history of many classical texts has still to be unravelled, their fortunes traced back to the end of antiquity and the earliest recoverable state of the text established.

To take one example: the text of Livy is a fairly sound one. But there are many passages where complete uncertainty reigns. Now, for the first time, it is possible to survey the stages through which the text has passed right back to A.D. 400 and to reconstruct the text that was circulating then. That still leaves a gap of

400 years, longer than the period which separates Shakespeare from our own day. In that gap Livy was severely mauled and mangled, and so far from resting content with having discovered what fifth-century Romans found in their copies of Livy, the editor has to begin there; he has to bridge this 400-year gap, to elucidate what Livy actually wrote and to understand and explain what he meant. This is the exciting and valuable task.

It is also the really difficult task. Collating manuscripts and recording variants is a job for electronic computers; deciding between these readings and reaching back to what the author wrote is the job of the scholar. Collation and emendation are complementary processes but while collation merely requires industry and perseverance, emendation requires genius and imagination.

These qualities are rarely found together; among English scholars they have been found together in Bentley, in Porson, and in Housman, and Housman was aware that he was succeeding to the inheritance of Bentley and Porson, even if he did express it rather irreverently on one occasion in Trinity: 'This Hall has seen many famous sights. It has seen Porson sober and Wordsworth drunk. Here stand I, a greater poet than the one and a greater scholar than the other, betwixt and between'. —*Third Programme*

## Fitting the Job to the Worker

By D. E. BROADBENT

THERE was once a piece of equipment, for use on ships, which required a man to look through a hole at normal head height and at the same time adjust a hand control placed by his ankles. And there was a motor-car in which the pedals were so far from the seat that only half the women in this country could reach them. This kind of fault in design, this failure to remember that machines need to be operated by men, seems absurd: and yet it goes on happening. Even in the latest nuclear reactors one is liable to find hand controls that are placed at floor level. Often the trouble is simply that looking after the convenience of the man who is going to work the machine is nobody's job. The designers are all concerned with particular engineering problems, and usually they solve them. If the result of their labours requires a human operator with arms five feet long, that is somebody else's worry. A good deal of improvement does occur when somebody, without necessarily any special biological knowledge, is made responsible for fitting the machine to the man.

There are cases, however, where it takes more than common sense to make work easier. The ordinary intelligent person does not know how much force a particular limb can exert, nor the best way of arranging a load so that it is supported by large muscles rather than small ones. It needs a knowledge of anatomy to do that. Physiology can also help. It is not obvious to common sense that a man shovelling sand or coal uses less energy when he has a small shovel with a long handle than when he has a big shovel and a short handle: but actual measurement of the energy consumed shows that it is so. Because of that, many people are doing more work than they need. Again, unless one knows how fast heat can be got rid of by the body, it is hard to say how much physical work a man can fairly be asked to do in a hot place, such as certain coal mines or steel works.

Beyond these physiological processes there are even more complicated ones which are important in arranging work. For example, suppose some new machine is introduced that needs attention only half as often as the old machine it replaces. Does this mean that a man can watch twice as many of the new machines? If one measures his performance, one will find that he cannot: when his attention is divided between a greater number of independent machines, he cannot make as many correct decisions per minute. So the experimental psychologist, as well as the physiologist and the anatomist, has something to contribute to fitting the job to the worker.

There have been for some years scientists in all the disciplines who have been interested in these problems and have done research on them. They have also met and talked to one another. In this country there is a society, called the Ergonomics Research Society, in which the various kinds of biologists meet each other to discuss the relationship between man and his work. That society has just celebrated its tenth birthday, so by now anatomists, physiologists, and psychologists are not only used to talking in the same gathering, but sometimes even understand each other—which is better still. Yet this kind of knowledge has not on the whole been widely applied in industry. There has been some official concern about this, and recently the European Productivity Agency sponsored an international meeting in Zurich at which the various relevant kinds of biologists gave papers about their research to a mixed audience, including employers and trade unionists, as well as the technical people. In the discussions after the papers the roles were rather reversed, and the difficulties and snags in industrial application were explained to the scientists. At the end of the week both employers and trade unionists said that they thought the topic should be pursued and more use made of this kind of knowledge; but during the meeting itself there was a good deal of brisk argument about the exact point where application ceases to be useful, and it is worth repeating a few of the points made.

One serious difficulty is that of cost. It may often be possible to suggest improvements in a machine that is in perfect mechanical condition and which would cost so much to replace that it is not really practical to do so; unless indeed one can prove positive harm to health from the existing arrangement of work. In town planning it would be nice from the point of view of amenity and human satisfaction if every ugly industrial building in England could be hidden away out of sight; but it is not practical. This argument is true up to a point. But the lesson is that human factors should be taken into account at an early stage, before machines are actually built, since it often costs very little to design something properly in the first place.

Secondly, and perhaps the most serious point, it was argued that the gains from studying the human factor are not worth the effort involved, which could go into improvements of the physical processes. The amount produced by a factory, so that argument might run, is often determined by machines and not by their operators, and the bulk of the costs in advanced industries

(continued on page 677)



# B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

April 8-14

## Wednesday, April 8

The Minister of Transport announces that plans are being discussed for replacing the liners 'Queen Elizabeth' and 'Queen Mary'

The Tibetans are reported to have proclaimed a provisional government which has called on the Chinese to leave the country

Dr. Adenauer, the Federal German Chancellor, in a television broadcast to West Germany says that his decision to stand for the Presidency will not mean any change in policy for years ahead

## Thursday, April 9

Members of the Commission of Inquiry into the disturbances in Nyasaland fly out to the territory

Frank Lloyd Wright, the American architect, dies aged eighty-nine

## Friday, April 10

An aircraft of the Indian Air Force is shot down over Pakistan territory

Building Societies are being recommended to cut their rates in three months' time if public investment continues satisfactorily

Three miners die after being trapped by a fall of rock in Parc Colliery, Rhondda Valley, South Wales

## Saturday, April 11

The Chinese Communists disclose that anti-Communists in the province of Sikang joined the Tibetan uprising

The South African Parliament gives a second reading to the Government Bill for *apartheid* in the universities

## Sunday, April 12

The Dalai Lama of Tibet is met at the Indian township of Bomdila by Mr. Nehru's special representative, Mr. P. N. Menon

It is announced in Cairo that some of the British property seized by the Egyptians during the time of the Suez crisis is to be returned to them during the next ten days

## Monday, April 13

M. Debré, the French Prime Minister and M. Couve de Murville, French Foreign Minister, arrive in London and have talks with Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd

Western Powers put a new proposal before Russia at conference in Geneva on suspension of nuclear tests

## Tuesday, April 14

Both British and French Prime Ministers speak of the success of Anglo-French talks

United States protests about Russian interference with another American aircraft over Berlin

Mau Mau leader Jomo Kenyatta released from prison in Kenya

Southern Rhodesian Government publishes a new preventive detention bill



On April 8 the Queen made a tour of Oxfordshire, visiting five towns. Her Majesty is seen in this photograph receiving a gift of blankets for the Prince of Wales from the three-year-old son of the vice-chairman of a blanket factory at Witney, which has been a weaving centre since Norman times



Lifting a wild boar to safety on a boat at Kariba, northern Rhodesia, where 2,000 square miles of country is gradually disappearing beneath the rising waters of the new Kariba dam project. Rhodesians have been working hard to rescue as many trapped animals as possible

One of the fiercest military conflicts since the Potala palace was captured last week and fighting reported to be continuing



Prince Akihito and Miss Michiko were married in Tokyo last week. Princess Michiko is seen here with the Prince.





to be received from the Tibetan capital since  
revolt there: an official of the Lhasa city  
dressing citizens beneath the walls of the  
er large towns were still under curfew last  
betan resistance forces and the Chinese was  
the central and eastern parts of the country



Japanese throne, and his bride, the former  
aphed in the traditional clothes that they  
kyo on April 10. On April 13 the Crown  
y registered in the Imperial lineage record



The Duke of Edinburgh planting a tree to commemorate his recent visit to Christmas Island in the Pacific. His Royal Highness arrives back in this country on April 30

Right: Paul Robeson as the Moor, Mary Ure as Desdemona, and Paul Hardwick as Brabantio in the production of *Othello* which marked the opening of the hundredth season at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford upon Avon, on April 7



Billy Wright, the English soccer captain, being carried shoulder-high from the field by members of his team after they had beaten Scotland, 1-0, in the match at Wembley last Saturday. The match was Wright's hundredth international



Right: members of a new junior section of the Zoological Society of London watching Fifi, a chimpanzee, being trained to play skittles for grapes, during their first meeting last week





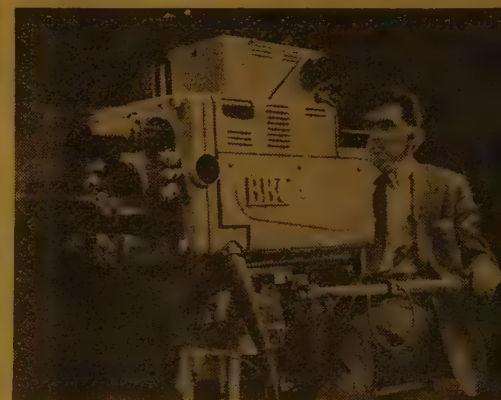
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(continued from page 673)

go to materials rather than to labour. The spread of automation will make this even more true, and eliminate the need for heavy work or even routine assembly tasks. So on this view it is both sensible and humane to put all available effort into accelerating automation.

This argument must be taken seriously, and one has to admit that some industries have far more biological problems than others. Much of the research on heat mentioned at the conference concerned the handling of steel: high temperatures are not a problem to many other industries. Equally, some industries may manage to abolish their human problems by abolishing their human workers. But I personally favour certain other arguments which were put forward in Zurich. First, automation is not always economic, because it is expensive and because the human nervous system has advantages as well as disadvantages compared with a machine. So I feel that there is a future for human beings, even in industry.

Secondly, it is not really true that physical advances eliminate the human factor. A Swedish representative at the conference told the story of how mechanical saws for forest workers solved the problems of getting the trees down but produced the fresh problem of energy expended in getting the saw from one tree to the next. On a more complex level, a member of an advanced European car firm said that (to his own surprise) work at the ends of an automatic-production process, feeding the machines and removing the products, proved to be extremely energetic when measurements were made.

The energy expenditure of housewives also proves high by physiological measurement. In fact, although women naturally cannot exert such large momentary forces as men, a German delegate argued that the only reason for expecting them to do less physical work a day than men in factories was that they had to save some energy for their housework.

Even if we agree that automatic factories still

contain people feeding, maintaining, and controlling the production process, we have not answered the argument that the efficiency of these people is economically unimportant. I am suspicious of this argument, because it has been current for over a hundred years. A century ago, when it was suggested that a sixty-nine-hour week in the textile industry might be rather long for maximum efficiency, the argument was put forward that output depended primarily on the machines and not on their human operators and that therefore a reduction in working hours would necessarily mean a loss in output.

This was not true, and the fact that total production with more reasonable working hours is at least as great as with a sixty-nine-hour week is one of the best established in the subject. It needs emphasis in every generation. Recently, for example, some people have tried to make our flesh creep with recounting the long working hours of the Chinese. From a competitive point of view, our flesh should creep more if the Chinese worked European hours, since in that case they would produce more.

Although the Victorians were wrong in supposing that workers who merely tend machines have no effect on output, their factories did bring men into closer physical contact with their work. Increasingly the modern world separates some workers into control rooms, where they see and hear instruments and indicators, and act by pushing buttons or pulling levers. If a man mistakes the reading on a gauge, or turns a knob the wrong way, the result may be much more serious than anything which could happen in Victorian factories. Large quantities of expensive raw materials may be wasted, or even permanent damage done to the plant itself. Too often this kind of happening is regarded either as an unfortunate accident or else as a moral failure on the part of the man who made the mistake. The difference in frequency of errors between a well-designed gauge and a badly designed one may be 300 or 400 per cent.: and with certain

arrangements of dials and knobs, nine people out of ten will turn the knob the wrong way. So in these highly developed industries the proper arrangement of work will have an effect on costs not by reducing labour charges but by reducing the amount of material wastage through human error.

The increase of automatic control in industry does not stop human factors from being economically important. There are always some people left in the factory: the effect of their inefficiency on costs is often surprisingly high, and the more artificial the conditions of work the greater the danger of producing human error. But there is another side to the application of biological knowledge. The goods that industry produces—furniture, radios, cars, sewing-machines—are also intended to be used by people. Their design has often been dictated simply by fashion and opinion, but is it really necessary for television sets of the console variety to be well below the height needed for the most efficient vision? Must chairs be made in shapes quite unrelated to the human body? The firms that first realize the possibilities of scientific design of their products have a big advantage in securing markets. Other countries are already realizing this. Some of the chief U.S. aircraft firms employ more specialists in human factors than the whole of British industry. Potential customers are bound to prefer instrument panels and controls that have been designed for safe and easy operation.

I have deliberately taken a rather hard-headed view of the usefulness of anatomy, physiology, and psychology in industry; and have hardly mentioned the comfort and well-being of the worker as a reason for applying them. This is not because those things are unimportant but because one must get the facts of a situation before making choices. Many workers might prefer to be cramped, hot, or tired if it meant more wages; but in fact I do not believe that it does, nor that it can ever be really economic to run industry in a way that conflicts with biological requirements.—*Network Three*

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### British Coal Exports

Sir,—In his letter to you, Mr. Reginald Moss, M.P., diagnoses the main cause of our present coal surplus as economic stagnation, implies that once industrial activity revives that surplus will disappear, and asks whether coal exports are possible.

No one can safely say that the long-term forecasts of total fuel demand made in 1955 and 1956 have yet been invalidated. I, personally, shall not be at all surprised if in 1970 or 1975 we find ourselves back on the graph of future total energy requirements pretty well at the points where the planners thought we should be at these dates.

What has changed, as I endeavoured to outline in my talk (THE LISTENER, April 2), is the necessary coal contribution within that energy programme. For reasons detailed in my broadcast, I believe, that if the Paymaster-General were properly to outline future demand for coal

today, he might reasonably say, not: 'There can be no doubt that for many years to come we shall need all the coal we can get', but: 'There can be no doubt that the National Coal Board should be encouraged to plan now to sell in future at home and abroad all the coal they can economically get'.

Mr. Moss doubts the possibility of exporting coal, and considers our export troubles arise from price cutting by Continental producers. Although price cutting by Poland and Russia certainly aggravates our coal export troubles, these 'arise' in the full sense from the mistaken, though understandable, decision taken by the British Government, in 1955 and 1956, publicly to shut up our coal export 'shop'.

After all, we encountered a good deal of price cutting by European producers between the wars, but even at the height of the price war we still shipped almost 40,000,000 tons of coal a year to Europe and elsewhere.

Our export rehabilitation in the middle and longer term will depend largely upon what is done today. The Coal Board has many problems and difficulties at the moment. Not the least of these is the fact that it lacks the substantial financial reserves which all industries need to accumulate in times of high demand to meet price competition in slacker periods. This of course is a direct result of the intervention of successive post-war governments in depressing the inland price of British coal.

Nevertheless, if we can snap up any odd ends of business which may appear in Europe during the next few months, we can strengthen our trading contacts and offer firm evidence to foreign buyers and governments that we are now seriously back in the export market.

The only hope of very substantial increased coal exports is certainly a favourable turn of industrial activity throughout Europe. On the other hand, such a development might itself



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Yours, etc.,

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## Teaching Art

Sir,—Most aspects of art education follow the fashion of the times, sometimes blindly and without discrimination, and few teachers will quarrel with Mr. de Sausmarez's condemnation (THE LISTENER, April 9) of stuffy repeating patterns, 'folksy' craftwork, so-called abstractions, and all the general rigmarole of modern 'free expression', which, as Mr. Sylvester pointed out a year or so ago in an article in THE LISTENER, often reflects the self-expression of the teacher rather than the pupil.

Mr. de Sausmarez also mentions, in one of many lively asides, the revolution in art teaching begun by a handful of pioneers twenty or thirty years before the war and now almost universally applied. This revolution was based on the admirable idea that art and craft taught in schools might include many more diverse activities than was once supposed and depended above all on the particular knowledge and enthusiasm of the teacher. Enthusiasm is the basis of this idea, and, provided that the teacher does show enthusiasm and knowledge, metal construction, welding, and indeed solar cooker building, can be added to such excellent crafts as pottery, fabric printing, and model construction in the art curriculum; but it would be idle to suppose that these have any particular merit other than being 'up to date' or 'something new for a change'.

Finally—and this is where I think he falls into a common error—Mr. de Sausmarez mistakenly condemns a basically sound activity in the art room because of inept instruction or feeble execution. To substitute a different activity may not help at all—it is as easy to make ghastly animal forms from scrap metal as it is to do 'ghastly lettering'. A reference to the true and widespread belief in education that 'the adolescent should respond to the evolving nature of the object he makes, to its inner principle of growth', is irrelevant as it can be applied to most art and craft work whether out of date or not.

I tentatively suggest that making a solar cooker has as little—or as much—contact with reality as, say, a group project erecting a contemporary 'dissipated octopus', but that both might be constructed with benefit depending on the teacher's skill and enthusiasm.

Mr. de Sausmarez's touching picture of the Little Lake children orientating their solar cooker intimates, however, that a new illusion will soon be complete. The roundabout of fashion in art education is in motion once more.

Yours, etc.,

Canterbury  
PATRICK SAGE

Sir,—Whilst agreeing with Mr. Maurice de Sausmarez that much art teaching after eleven years is not constructive and allows the child a freedom which it is incapable of using to good advantage, I think that his own approach also has its dangers. Many children do work which shows a true and original imagination together

with a structure and logical use of materials. I am against discouraging any potential painter. Would not Mr. de Sausmarez's approach do this? I see no reason why art teaching should not be done intelligently as Paul Klee proved.

Mr. de Sausmarez's principle of letting something grow according to its integral requirement is sound and is actually taught by good teachers in crafts and painting.

I think a greater problem not tackled by Mr. de Sausmarez is to show adolescents the relationship between modern trends and the past in an analytical way revealing that there is no gap between them. Abstract art in schools is bad because the children have not been taught what abstract art is about.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.3

WILLIAM MILLS

## Richard Porson

Sir,—There is not very much to admire, perhaps, in the Porson described for us by Mr. Ogilvie in his talk [which is reproduced on another page]. But he is somewhat endeared to us by his prodigious memory, of which Charles Greville gives us an interesting example. On October 23, 1842 he met his near-namesake Mr. Grenville, Keeper of the British Museum. Grenville recalled how he had once found two litterateurs at Cambridge disputing whether a certain word had ever been used by any good authority. 'But why do we go on talking here, when that little fellow in the corner can tell us in a moment which of us is in the right?' This was Porson who was on his knees poring over a book. Porson at once replied: 'I only know of one instance, and that is in Fisher's funeral sermon on the death of Margaret of Richmond, the mother of Henry VII, and you will find it about the third or fourth page, on the right hand side'; and there accordingly they did find it.

Grenville must surely, however, have been wrong about the date, which he indicated to be about 1772, when Porson would have been thirteen. It is to be regretted that Grenville (or Greville) does not specify the word in question.—Yours, etc.,

Blindley Heath REGINALD J. MOCKRIDGE

## Son of God

Sir,—I was greatly perturbed to find in the otherwise excellent talk by the Rev. E. J. Tinsley in THE LISTENER of March 26 on the Crucifixion of Christ, a misrepresentation of the words of the Roman Centurion who, seeing His death, and the manner of it, is reported to have said: 'This man was indeed a son of God'.

Actually, the words in St. Matthew, and in St. Mark read: 'Truly this man was the son of God', which is surely emphatically different from those quoted by Mr. Tinsley.

Such sentences, which are really half-truths, are often seized upon by people having only a 'nodding acquaintance' with New Testament records as palatable whole truths and, I feel, can do dishonour to Truth itself.

Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 28

FREDA M. WARD

## Piano Music from Russia

Sir,—It is a sad thing that in a year when the Handel and Purcell centenaries are being justly celebrated, we hear nothing of such a delightful, but unknown, composer as Serge Liapounov (1859-1924). In his article on Russian

piano music in THE LISTENER of April 2, David Lloyd-Jones omits all mention of his fascinating, lyrically contemplative piano music, beautiful-sounding and full of vital detail and ornamentation; it will be an unjust neglect if we hear nothing of his in the Third Programme series.

The piano music of Balakirev and his pupil, Liapounov, derives essentially from that of Liszt, being in some ways an improvement on Liszt, by avoiding virtuosity *per se*. It is clear and bright, with an oriental passion and wildness, and a love of ever-changing backgrounds. Pianists might well explore this music—it has never yet been accorded its just place in recitals, and is something unique in piano literature.

Yours, etc.,

Huddersfield

MICHAEL WOODHOUSE

Mr. Lloyd-Jones writes: Mr. Woodhouse is right in pressing for a revival of Liapounov's works in his centenary year. As he is unrepresented in the present series of recitals I was obliged, owing to lack of space, to omit mention of his work, but I would join Mr. Woodhouse in urging pianists to take greater note of him and his master.

## 'Candida'

Sir,—In his letter questioning my approach to *Candida* Mr. Geduld is, I would suggest, unfair to Shaw. In rushing to defend the play he is in danger of perpetuating the lack of distinction between Shaw's works of journalism and his plays like *Saint Joan* and *Heartbreak House* which have some touch of eternity about them even though they contain flaws. *Candida*, like many of Shaw's lesser plays, fails as a work of art because it is made the vehicle for ideas which have not been dramatically digested. Though these ideas may have been politically valid in their day, their presence forces Shaw's characters to act out a debate rather than a conflict based on human and real emotions. As the debate is dated so the attempt at a dramatic work is also dated.

If I echo Mr. William Archer—I am flattered to be bracketed with him—it is because I believe that art is one thing and political reform is another. I hold the un-Shavian view that there are no revolutions in art and no progressions in criticism. I always try to listen to a play as if I were hearing it for the first time because I respect the dramatist's claim to have written a work of art which stands or falls on its impact of the moment. I have no truck with essays on appreciation, programme notes, or the Shavian clutter of stage directions. If a play does not come across because it is not dramatically sound, I consider the dramatist to be at fault. It is not enough to extenuate, as Mr. Payne did in his letter, by saying that Shaw was trying hard but could not write the right words for a character like Marchbanks. If a dramatist cannot write the right words he should try another character or another play.

The fact that many of Shaw's lesser plays are still performed proves nothing except Wilde's view in *The Soul of Man under Socialism* that, in England, Authority has a way of influencing public taste. The current success of *My Fair Lady* proves nothing. It owes its success more to good public relations than it does to Shaw or to the composers of those thumping German brass band lyrics.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.8

IAN RODGER



# The Graven Image

By DAVID PIPER

**T**HREE exhibitions of prints are now open in London, bearing witness to a most encouraging increase of interest in this medium.

At the Arts Council, 4 St. James's Square, on the first floor, there is the work of Mr. Reynolds Stone. The catalogue reads as though he were a writer of runes for top people: letter headings and devices for *The very Times* herself, for Eton, the Warden of All Souls, Windsor Castle, the Westminster Bank, Mr. Gilbert Harding, the Additional Curates Society, etc. The artist has perhaps done himself a disservice by showing quite so much (all in one room, but nevertheless 282 items); in the design of the devices, inevitably rather restricted, the flourishes seen in such repetition tend to lose their flourish, and the letter headings to suggest almost obituary.

Yet the show is redolent of a grave and elegiac emotion; the craft may seem old-fashioned, but is, rather, newly fashioned in a living tradition that runs clear from Bewick through Eric Gill. How relevant and dateless it can be is seen perhaps most forcibly in the illustrations to that extraordinary late harvest of Ralph Hodgson's poems, *The Skylark*.

Mr. Stone's craft is lapidary; elegant, but rigorously disciplined—diamond cuts glass, steel cuts stone or box-wood. Descending thence to the ground floor of the Arts Council you enter the softer penumbra of the lithographs of Odilon Redon. This is an exhibition that should be seen; year by year Redon's historical importance becomes more apparent, as a source of image and of mood; the quiet stubborn integrity of his life was admirable. Yet, although the long-sustained charge that his work was literary in the bad sense has clearly been exaggerated, some substance remains in it. He was usually most successful when dealing with the non-human world, with unpeopled architecture or with apparitions based, for example, on the real microbe-shapes that he found through Clavaud's microscope. But when his imagination turned to the human figure the conviction of the images fails; they are not real—they remain fantasies, too soft, inbred, almost self-indulged. It is curious that these figures hardly ever have feet; from the waist down they often dissolve.

But horror, as we have learned, is rooted firmly on two human feet, even if only on our own. For me, Redon's success comes not

so often in these famous 'Noirs' as in the coloured flower-pieces (with which this exhibition is not concerned). In these his uncanny disquiet found its true medium. But whether or not you are touched by his imagery, the handling, the interplay of black and white is worth a journey to see—the struggle of light (in

meditations of Ayrton. (It is odd that the young painters who have sprung from the neo-realist cradle of the Beaux-Arts Gallery do not seem to respond to this medium.)

As the catalogue points out, this is an exhibition that could not have taken place years ago; in the interim, goaded by the death

of the prince of the St. George's Gallery, Mr. Robert Erskine, a whole school of English print-makers has thrust forward, and is finding its own character, its own style. While the work of the older artists (Sutherland, for example) tends to look like a translation of one of his paintings, the recent work of, most notably, C. Richards, in his splendid suite on 'The Hammer and the Anvil', tells more purely in terms of lithography.

This is, incidentally, the most satisfying, the most completely realized, work in any medium that I have seen by Mr. Richards. In fact, it owes something to its blend of velvet softness with leaf-sharp clarity to preliminary studies in collage, but in the lithograph it achieves a unity that is the perfect resolution of those studies; you may find the prints not an illustration of the music they



'The Forge': an etching by Anthony Gross: from the exhibition 'The Graven Image' at the Whitechapel Art Gallery

the end triumphant) against a viscous night that is charged like a magnetic field, retains its own sufficient drama.

In brilliant and forcible contrast, the current array of 'The Graven Image', shines and beetles on the barrack-like walls of the Whitechapel Art Gallery; this exhibition marks, I hope, a major shift in the relationship between the English public and art. The point here is not only that the show is both admirable and exhilarating to look at, but that these pictures are available to own, to possess. The average income of those who do not merely stare but positively buy in the West End galleries must be far above super-tax level; at Whitechapel most of the pictures (not including frame) cost between five and fifteen guineas each only. You too can own an original picture by a real artist. They are mostly large—palpable wall-furniture—and the range is remarkable both in colour and in monochrome: from the grand old men (Sutherland and John Piper—more expensive) to young artists scarcely yet known on the Bond Street beat; from the more traditional elegance of La Dell to the black exclamations of Merlyn Evans, to the bull-like charge of etched lines out of an Anthony Gross, to the Hellenic

they celebrate, but a counterpart rather, like answer of coloured light in a church to airborne fugue.

In an entirely different style, the sober prints of Edward Wright have the same independence and completeness in their chosen medium, sort of mathematical precision of mystery, as there are eight pictures by that great virtuoso S. W. Hayter—prints that have, besides a kind of lichenous phosphorescence, a substance, weight and presence of colour which equal that of an oil-painting though quite different character.

Odilon Redon—who thought of illustrating 'The City of Dreadful Night': '*c'est somnolent et d'un pessimisme spécial à l'Angleterre*'—would perhaps scarcely have recognized this exhibition in its brilliant variety as English. Yet English it is. But Redon also glimpsed in England a possible ideal patron—the amateur who never argues, never talks, but buys for himself, in silence, for his close and comfortable walls, asking nothing more from the work of art than '*la valeur idéale, et de la possession*'. No English artists have the chance to find out whether, in the English public at large, the client exists.



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

**The Art of Living: Four Eighteenth-Century Minds.** By F. L. Lucas. Cassell. 25s.

Reviewed by PETER QUENNELL

IN *The Search for Good Sense*, Mr. F. L. Lucas has already given us portrait-sketches of four celebrated eighteenth-century characters—Samuel Johnson, James Boswell, Lord Chesterfield and Oliver Goldsmith. Now he provides that book with a sequel, containing four additional studies of approximately the same length; but on this occasion he ranges further afield and even crosses the Atlantic Ocean. He deals with a statesman and orator, Edmund Burke; with an historian and philosopher, David Hume; with Horace Walpole, a fastidious man of the world who gradually transformed himself into an accomplished man of letters; and with Benjamin Franklin, representing the New World, square-toed professor of homespun wisdom in an aristocratic and highly cultivated age. Once again he draws a critical contrast between the eighteenth century and present period. Not all the luminaries of the Age of Reason could be described as wholly reasonable men. At any rate they respected reason, though frequently they did not follow its precepts; and, unlike a good many modern writers, they never attempted to make a virtue of their own irrationality. Johnson, for example, was a strangely prejudiced thinker, a victim of dark and fearful superstitions; but he fought a life-long battle against folly and ignorance, sternly and persistently recommending that we should learn to clear our minds of cant.

The finest portrait of Mr. Lucas's new volume is that of his least complex subject. Horace Walpole had an unusually agreeable life, and the pleasure he derived from existence is reflected in the monument he left behind. By critics of the early nineteenth century he was sometimes dismissed as a frivolous man of fashion; but we now perceive that the Prime Minister's spoiled son—whose sinecures, before he died, had cost the country some quarter of a million pounds—was also a zealous social historian and a remarkably conscientious literary artist. Nor was his character shallow and trivial. True, passion in its most disturbing forms seldom came his way; but Walpole was by no means insensitive to the emotions that he did not feel, and his treatment of Madame du Deffand, when that aged worldling fell desperately in love with her clever, light-hearted English friend, was distinguished throughout by delicacy and kindness. Conscious that, during his early youth, his behaviour towards Gray had done him little credit, he afterwards admitted to the poet's biographer that the responsibility for their quarrel had been his and his alone: 'The fault was mine . . . I treated him insolently: he loved me, and I did not think he did . . . Forgive me, if I say that his temper was not conciliating . . .'. Above all, he sought to avoid embitterment: 'my greatest ambition is not to grow cross'. Meanwhile he was producing an unequalled picture of the society in which he lived, looking around him

with clear-sighted interest, and looking back with keen affection but without sentimental nostalgia or mawkish regrets: 'One holds fast and surely what is past. The dead have exhausted their power of deceiving . . .'.

Another fortunate human being was the supremely good-natured David Hume. He, too, had never grown cross, and wherever he went his love of life seems to have surrounded him like a sunny halo. Moreover, he confronted death with a cheerful resignation that astonished Boswell. How could a philosopher, who dismissed the doctrine of personal survival as 'a most unreasonable fancy', face the prospect of complete extinction in so calm and resolute a mood? Hume's courage threw Boswell into a considerable 'degree of horror'; but it was Hume, rather than Boswell, who would appear to have understood the art of living. Although Johnson denounced him as a 'pernicious writer', he gained a multitude of devoted and admiring friends, among the warmest being Adam Smith, who declared that he had approached 'as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man' as the frailty of human nature would allow.

Mr. Lucas is less at his ease, however, with Edmund Burke and Benjamin Franklin—inclined to doubt the superlative quality of Burke's florid oratorical style, and slightly embarrassed in the company of the sober-suited American sage, whose practical gifts were certainly outstanding but who lacked imagination or poetic insight. Each of these portraits is based on an academic lecture. The style is deliberately conversational; here and there, the impression they make is somewhat casual and disjointed. Together they form an enjoyable book, evidently written with keen pleasure; but it would have been even more enjoyable had the text been a little more carefully pruned before it reached the printer's hands. A number of asides and digressions, though well suited to a lecture-room, might at a secondary stage have been discarded. The block of fifty-one lines from the *Iliad*, quoted on pages 193 and 194, is out of all proportion to the remainder of the essay.

**The Life and Times of Frédéric Lemaître.** By Robert Baldick. Hamish Hamilton. 25s.

IN the colourful world of actors, actresses and theatrical managers for which the great French romantic dramatists wrote, Frédéric Lemaître ranked supreme among actors, as did Mlle. George among actresses. Cast both physically and spiritually in the grand manner, he strode the romantic stage as Hugo's *Ruy Blas*, Dumas père's *Napoleon Bonaparte*, or Balzac's *Vautrin*. Most popular of all his roles was his own *Robert Macaire*, the bandit whose exploits satirized the triumphs of greed and hypocrisy under the reign of Louis Philippe. Gautier called it 'a truly Shakespearian type of humour—a terrifying gaiety, a sinister roar of laughter, a bitter derision, a merciless raillery, a sarcasm which leaves the cold-blooded wickedness of Mephistopheles far behind—and on top of all that, an astonishing elegance, suppleness and

grace which belong to the aristocracy of vice'. It was a satire prompted, like Daumier's lithograph, by the *Massacre of the Rue Transnonain*, when government troops indiscriminately butchered all the inhabitants of a house in savage suppression of social revolt.

The student of French social history could hardly do better than look at Parisian life of the eighteen-thirties from the wings of the romantic stage. Its thrusting ambitions, its violent emotionalism, its boundless vitality, are but exaggerated versions of the characteristics of France itself in the hey-day of commercialism and bourgeois enterprise. The taste of the time is reflected in the crude emphasis on sex and violence which marked much of its favourite drama; but it is reflected, too, in the growing mood of revulsion against these crudities—even when that revulsion took the form of throwing theatre-seats at the actors.

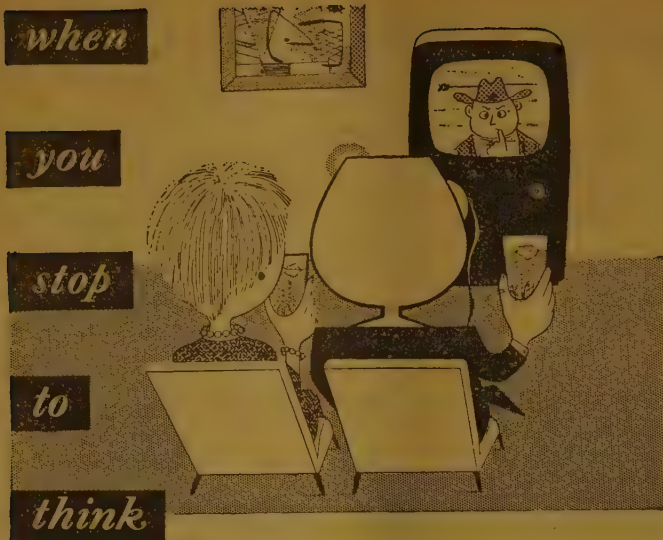
From Dr. Baldick's scholarly yet highly entertaining biography Lemaître himself emerges as a man of immense talents and animal energy, with a sense of the theatrical which amounted to genius. His versatility was matched by his courage—and both were needed by the matinée idol of Paris a century ago. He died in poverty, defeated by the trend of politics and taste: born with the century, he died in 1876. Parisians in thousands attended the funeral, for he symbolized a past age of poetry and passion, a time of extravagance already remote from the mufti sobrieties of the Third Republic.

DAVID THOMSON

**Christianity in a Revolutionary Age**  
Volume I. By K. S. Latourette.  
Eyre and Spottiswoode. £3 3s.

THE history of the Roman Catholic Church during the last century is one of the most fascinating and instructive stories of recent times. The Christian faith could not but endure stress when it confronted the industrial revolution, the new democracy and the new science, Darwin and the fall of Genesis. Any one of these might have produced tension; together they could not fail to cause a revolution in Christian thinking. And in western Christendom the Roman Catholic Church was the most conservative in every sense of the word. When Pope Pius IX spoke the word *liberal*, he did not conjure a picture of the decorous and respectable Mr. Gladstone; he meant Garibaldi and Mazzini and the armies of revolution. Until his death in 1878 the only mode of preserving the faith seemed to be reaction—to fight every form of novelty in Catholic thinking and beat it down with the ancient weapons of authority. And yet even reaction carried to the limit was revolutionary. The Ultramontane movement transformed and strengthened the parochial life of the Church at every level—the new cults, the new types of saint, the quest for simplicity, Lourdes and the modern pilgrimage organized in trains. One of the most interesting features of all is the flexibility and integrity of mind which survived the storm of the reaction. The German scholars were driven out of the Church under





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Pius IX. Under his successors, with the exception of Pius X, they would have survived with their intellectual integrity uncorrupted.

This book, the first of five volumes, contains a general background and then a history of the Roman Catholic Church during the nineteenth century. Professor Latourette is a Baptist but judges always in mercy. You cannot read the book from beginning to end, unless you are a man of iron. It contains a mass of information, and it is best used with the aid of the index. Let us try, for example, Newman, one of the most momentous of all thinkers for the new flexibility in Roman Catholic thought. We look up his references and find that he was a convert from the Church of England, an Oratorian, that he was not speculative nor abstract in his approach to the spiritual life, that he was accused of being a liberal and distrusted by Pope Pius IX because he taught that inspired teaching had been 'developed' by uninspired teachers, that he denied the right of private judgment, and that he was made a Cardinal by Pope Leo XIII and permitted to live in England.

This is all the information available in this volume, and two of the statements are doubtful. On the transformation which Newman's speculative mind wrought in the intellectual possibilities for Roman Catholics this volume is silent. For there is not room. It is crowded out by facts, by dates, by names of books and names of people. And yet the range of information is so wide, and usually so exact, the bibliography is so sane, that before long the book extorts from the—I will not say reader but—user an admiration at first reluctant and later free. He who wants to know of the obscure religious orders of the nineteenth century, of the less popular saints or cults, of the development of the Church in the less publicized parts of the world, will find here an outline of information and probably a mention of the best books of reference. He will not go to it for the history of thought, of philosophy in its relation to theology, of the impact of science upon religion.

This is the explanation for an assumption at first sight paradoxical—'Christianity had never been so widely influential as it became in the twentieth century'. There were many more Christians in the world in 1950 than in 1800. There were many more people in the world; and the Christian races had dominated the other continents for almost the whole time. The facts, the statistics, uphold Professor Latourette. He who was writing the history of ideas might need to qualify the conclusion.

OWEN CHADWICK

## The Use of Imagination: Educational Thought and the Literary Mind

By William Walsh.

Chatto and Windus. 25s.

D. H. Lawrence had a deep loathing for the ancient universities and their academic tradition the best evidence for it is to be found in the memoirs of Maynard Keynes and Bertrand Russell). When Dr. Leavis successfully established a Lawrentian enclave in Cambridge the consequences were bound to be schizophrenic. Professor Walsh is a typical case. He has been deeply affected by Lawrence's genius, and his present book is an attempt to reconcile Lawrence's 'first terms of a forgotten knowledge' with a 'notion of character in education and

literature'. The result seems to be a contradiction of everything that Lawrence stood for.

Let us first restate Professor Walsh's ideal. It is based on what he would call the tragic view of life. 'Every age is an "age of anxiety"'. 'If the emotional correlative for the run of mankind of the tragic hero's "dense and driven passion" is anxiety, its moral correlative is guilt. In the eyes of the psychologists, anxiety is suspect; in those of the sociologists guilt is condemned. The intentions of both appear to be bent, at least as they are reflected in educational thought, on the effort to dissolve the concept of guilt'. According to Professor Walsh, it is not the presence but the absence of guilt which is irrational, 'a form of moral imbecility', and the business of the educator, as of the poet, is not to assuage guilt or anxiety, but to enter into intimate union with these 'deepest human experiences', and thereby create 'character'. 'The theory of modern education requires to be braced with the austerity of thought that knows its real strength, and the asceticism of attitude that admits its proper limits...'. 'Education is committed to consciousness and to responsibility. It is dedicated to refining consciousness and to realizing responsibility. Its constitutive purpose is the fostering of conscious responsibility'.

No one is likely to quarrel with this last interpretation of the aims of education: the real question relates to the means. Professor Walsh excites our highest hopes when he opens his book with a discussion of the means proposed by the romantic poets—Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Keats. Not that these three poets agreed about the means—we know what Keats thought about Wordsworth and other people who have 'a palpable design' on mankind. Coleridge was clear about the aims—'To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood...'; to aim 'at refining the sense of relation and making subtler the power of "pertinent connectives"'; and he made the distinction that is fundamental for the whole of this discussion between a 'form proceeding' and a 'shape induced'. He believed that *imagination* is 'the distinguishing characteristic of man as a progressive being' and 'the indispensable means and instrument of continued amelioration and refinement'.

This is 'the method of nature' and Wordsworth's and Keats's methods are essentially the same. But none of these poets would have suggested, as Professor Walsh seems to suggest, that a wallowing in guilt and anxiety was either natural or desirable. Keats thought of life as a school of intelligence, 'the Vale of Soul Making', and the heart as the scholar's hornbook. The purpose of education is to possess a sense of identity and this is formed by circumstance. But what circumstances are formative? Keats gave the answer in his *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, which Professor Walsh analyses without perceiving the point, which is that form, perfect harmonic form, doth tease us out of thought—that is to say, transforms the guilt and anxiety of life into beauty, thereby constituting truth. It is an idea Keats derived (perhaps indirectly) from Shaftesbury and other eighteenth-century aestheticians, and that was most perfectly expressed by Schiller in his *Letters on Aesthetic Education*. It is, of course, the Platonic theory of education, to which Professor Walsh pays scant attention, though in Plato, if anywhere, there is a demonstration of what Henry James called 'the civic use of the imagination', the phrase from which Pro-

fessor Walsh has taken the title of his book.

It is, of course, very tonic to accept the inevitability of tragedy and to indulge in the sado-masochism of the Christian ascetic tradition, but do not let us confuse this heroic propaedeutic with 'the method of nature'. Nature knows nothing of our guilt and remorse, but does provide 'a dark, invisible workmanship that reconciles discordant elements'. Professor Walsh quotes Wordsworth's lines with approval, but he does not seem to realize that the reconciliation it implies is not an indulgence in the tragic outlook but the hope of its transcendence.

This said, one can have nothing but praise for a book that is always sensitive, frequently illuminating, and inspired by the loftiest aims. It is encouraging to reflect that its author occupies the chair of education in one of our leading universities.

HERBERT READ

## Portraits of Russian Personalities between Reform and Revolution.

By Richard Hare. Oxford. 42s.

The dispersal of the mists in which for the English reader Russian social and political thought of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries has long been swathed continues apace, though unfortunately the two most effective blasts of fresh air in recent years—Venturi's massive work on populism (in Italian) and Leontovitsch's study of liberalism (in German)—may not yet be savoured in English. The best chapters of Mr. Hare's new book are a useful contribution to this clearing of the horizon, which reveals a much more varied and complex picture than the narrow line of revolutionary orthodoxy to which it has often retrospectively been reduced. One can scarcely imagine a more fascinating character than Lev Tikhomirov, for example, surely a precursor of the repentant communist of our days; after playing a leading part in the terrorist organization which murdered Alexander II in 1881, he recanted, wrote a brochure called *Why I ceased to be a revolutionary*, and became a nationalist and religious zealot, anointing his toothbrush with holy oil. The half-dozen pages given to him by Mr. Hare whet the appetite for much more.

The curious charm and variety of a nineteenth-century portrait gallery characterize Mr. Hare's well-titled collection of essays on 'outstanding revolutionaries, thoughtful statesmen, internationally famous authors, influential religious thinkers, and obscure but remarkable civil servants or journalists', as he sums up his subjects, of whose thinking and writing he offers, not systematic analysis, but critical sketches. Two-thirds of the book are devoted to Bakunin, Turgenev, Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, about all of whom substantial studies already exist.

More original and valuable is the remaining third of the book, where Mr. Hare leaves this comparatively well-beaten track in order to present nearly a dozen politicians and thinkers. Here, besides the former terrorist Tikhomirov and the populist ideologists Mikhaylovsky and Lavrov, we meet A. V. Nikitenko, most deservedly rescued from oblivion. Nikitenko, born a serf, became a professor and a government official, occupying leading positions in both education and censorship. He was both a conscientious participant in and a shrewd observer of the age of reforms, the eighteen-sixties, as critical of the bureaucracy ('We are diseased



with committees") as of the ill-digested democratic publicism of the time ("When people in the mass have no idea whatsoever where to go, but feel that they must go somewhere quickly, that urge is called the *spirit of the age*").

Refreshing, too, is the chapter on three religious thinkers, Fyodorov, Solovyov and Rozanov, whose thought has usually been either ignored, or else inflated by admirers. Fyodorov is often associated only with his apocalyptic notions on the resurrection of the dead; but he was also a professional librarian with a keen sense of the potential value of museums and libraries and an advocate of international co-operation in this field. Solovyov not only evolved his neoplatonic religion of Sophia, he clairvoyantly foresaw the Asian and African nationalisms which dominate the twentieth century. These men were, however, thinkers who influenced only limited intellectual circles. It is astonishing that, as Mr. Hare points out in his essays, statesmen of the calibre of Witte and Stolypin still lack scholarly biographies. Lonely and tragic figures, defeated by the suspicion and hostility not only of the bureaucrats but also of the so-called liberals who should have been their allies, their attempts to set Russia on a course of gradual modernization were nullified, yet their talents and abilities were recognized, and feared, by such capable opponents as Bismarck and Lenin.

One must be grateful to Mr. Hare for the glimpses he provides of these absorbing and little-known figures and his indication of the sidelights they throw on Russia—such as Witte's astonishment when, negotiating in the United States the treaty which ended the Russo-Japanese War, he noticed that many of the waiters in hotels and restaurants were students earning money to pay for their education, and 'observed with regret that Russian students, however near starvation they might be, would have died of shame to serve as waiters . . .'

MICHAEL FUTRELL

### Forms and Patterns in Nature

By Wolf Strache. Peter Owen. 42s.

At first sight it is an expressionist painting of an elm-tree in a high wind: a black trunk snakes up, divides in branches that in turn divide in sinuous twigs, decked with strange leaves with a look of flowers-of-frost. A second glance and you see that you are wrong. It is too minutely detailed for any work of human hand and is undeniably a photograph. Of what? A little brooding brings one an answer of whose correctness one is tolerably certain: it is an anatomical photograph of blood-vessels, or possibly of the air-tubes of the lung—a complex of artery, veins, capillaries. So one looks at the title to see what part of what animal it is in fact, and is brought up short and sharp by the surprising words 'Creek System'. It is an aerial view of an edge of the sea: the deeper water shows darker and the shallower light, and so the whole underwater topography, with its subaqueous rivers, channels, rivulets, is defined. As Dr. Strache remarks: 'Nature uses the same ideas in her forms and patterns in quite different places'.

*Forms and Patterns in Nature* has 88 full-page plates in high-class photogravure to prove it, with everything from 'Star Tracks' at the beginning, by way of 'Drift Ice', 'Rock Cry-

tal', 'Malva Flower', 'Goliath Beetle', to 'Posterior View of Zebra' at (how rightly and satisfyingly) the end. Those who can spare two guineas will find much to reflect on, whether it be the 'Jungle River' (a wild thin ribbon in a treescape of terrifying uniformity)



Goliath Beetle  
From 'Forms and Patterns in Nature'

or the 'Honeycomb' with whose perfection of accuracy even the ruler can scarcely find fault. Dr. Strache's brief notes on the subjects of the plates are full of curious and useful information.

HILARY CORKE

### Hilda—The Diary of a Schoolboy.

Edited by Spencer Martindale.

Neville Spearman. 5s.

This book has a moving simplicity which gives to its writing a rare freshness. It tells very briefly the love story of a schoolboy and a schoolgirl, in excerpts from the boy's diary. The year is 1926. They are thirteen, the children of professional men, living somewhere near Hampton Court, we gather. One Sunday in church the diarist is greatly smitten by glowing dark hair and long eyelashes a short distance in front of him. He longs to know her, but is shy, even when she begins paying visits to the next-door house. They meet, they become friends. He feels foolish in her eyes; but she does not think him foolish. She is gentle as well as lovely, poised, and a tiny bit mischievous. She is fourteen when she allows him to kiss her one night in the fields. By fifteen they are secretly engaged. What the startling end is I shall not reveal, but it throws a backward light on their love, and is right artistically.

Simple enough? Yes, with a genuine simplicity that is entirely unaffected. Here is the lilac-sweet rapture of early love, and here its innate melancholy. The children sit in twilight, watching the sunsets fade over Surrey, whispering of death. 'Do you think, when we die, it will never get dark at all? . . . I'm not good enough to die yet'. And here are the moments of discovery. The boy is bothered because he does not know what girls are like, and comes out with it. 'She thought a little while with her

dear face looking down and her long eyelashes almost covering her eyes. Then there was a flurry of skirts and soon she had showed me what I'd so distractedly wanted to know. I felt on top of the world about it. . . .'

Out in the country they count colours and sounds. Delight in colour permeates the book but it is chiefly his, perhaps. He is the most imaginative, though he does not know it: the more intuitive and, as he notes, sometimes also 'as matter of fact as Alice in Wonderland'. Hilda is very much a person; and yet there is no single word here which is not—or could not be—the word of a schoolboy. Whether or not a schoolboy actually wrote it is immaterial. It is delicately written and would appeal to school children of the same age, and to many others.

LAURENCE WHISTLER

### An Outline of Human Relationships

By Eustace Chesser. With an afterword

by Sir Cyril Burt. Heinemann. 2s.

In his latest book Dr. Chesser, who has gained a deservedly wide reputation for his capacity to popularize some modern views on sex, behaviour, love, marriage, family planning and the upbringing of children, has set himself a more ambitious task. He seeks to outline the nature of human relationships from the cradle to the grave. These contacts he divides into positive and negative forms, a dichotomy which in the course of his presentation tends to merge with that of good and evil.

Although the author is eclectic in psychological outlook, his main orientation is towards the theories of Freud; Jung he draws on chiefly in relation to the function of religion and Adler for his concepts of current maladaptation both individual and social. While his resumé of these theories may not altogether satisfy the requirements of their respective protagonists, Dr. Chesser succeeds in conveying the main tenets of modern dynamic (clinical) psychology, and applies them to the development of character and personality. His range of interest extends from intra-uterine existence through infancy, childhood, school life and adolescence to adulthood, finally to senescence. As might be expected from his earlier concern with sexology, a substantial part of his book deals with problems of marital friction, divorce, homosexuality, prostitution and a variety of sexual anomalies. In each case he emphasizes the factors of maladaptation to the stresses of childhood and of unsatisfactory upbringing. So much so that although the opposite is clearly his intention, these chapters may arouse despondency if not alarm in the minds of hyperconscientious parents. Allegedly scientific codes of upbringing tend to acquire the odour of sanctity and so arouse unnecessary guilt.

In his last section but one Dr. Chesser applies the same footrule to the problems of social adaptation, stressing the benefits of co-operation in work, social intercourse and the maintenance of peace. To this is added a final section on the need for religion, in the course of which the author maintains that the psychological value of religious beliefs is inestimable. On this matter he follows the religious empiricism of Jung but does not lay the same emphasis on actual 'numinous' experience. At this point Dr. Chesser embarks on a hazardous incursion into metaphysics, and although his formulations may seem to some readers a trifle jejune,

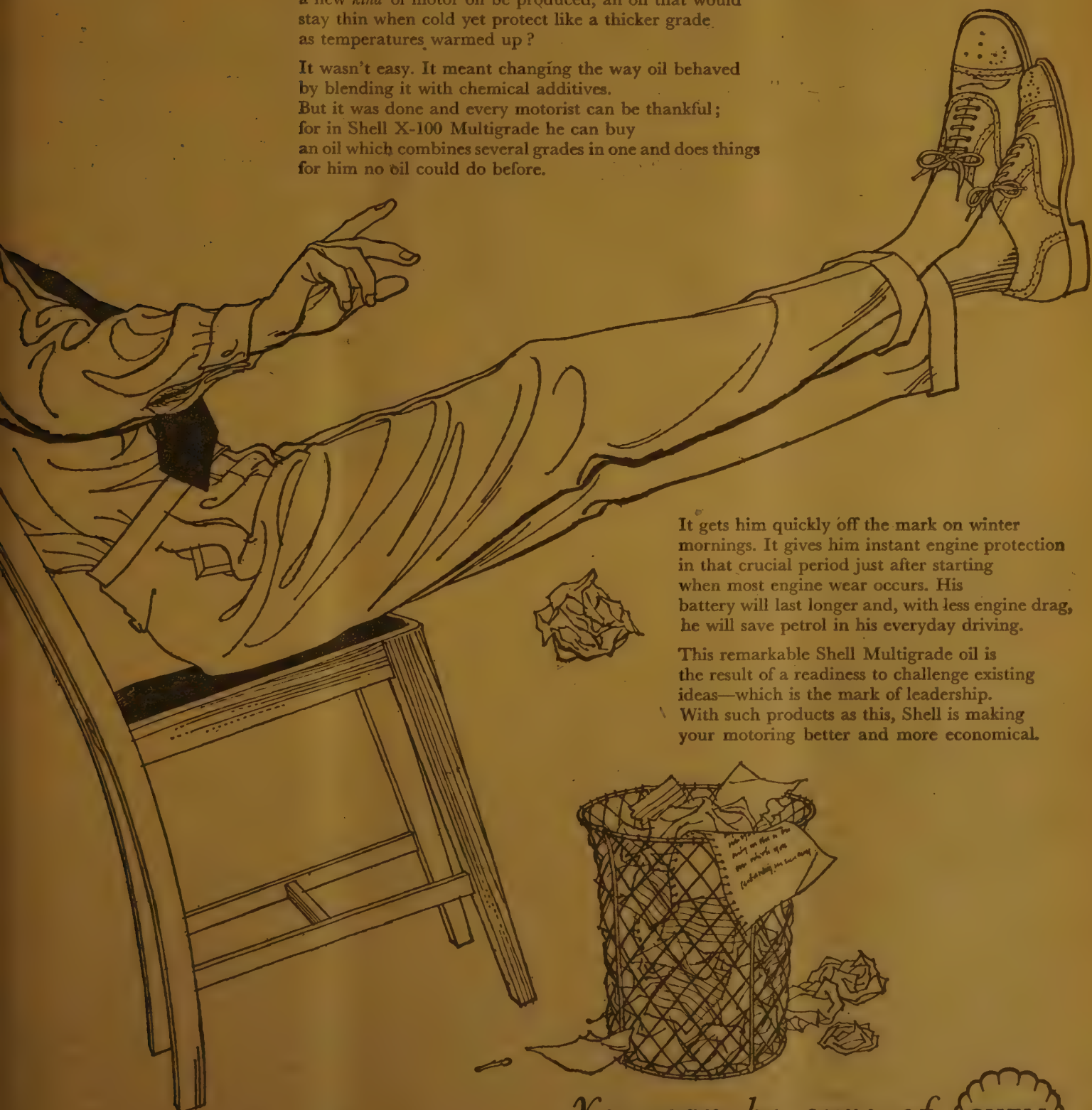


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maintains stoutly that the essential 'I-thou' relationship can be extended from social and sexual conduct to an inner merging with the purposes of a transcendental Power or Totality which can be designated as God. Here Dr. Chesser has the support of Sir Cyril Burt who

contributes a preface on what, to use his own phrase, might be called 'theo-psychology'.

While his book is clearly intended as a condensed Family Encyclopaedia of Psychological Relations and has inevitably some of the faults of the encyclopaedic approach, Dr. Chesser is

to be congratulated on a brave try. There are certainly few popular books on psychology which maintain such a consistently high standard of friendly persuasiveness in the exposition of obscure and more often than not controversial matters.

EDWARD GLOVER

## New Novels

*All in a Lifetime.* By Walter Allen. Michael Joseph. 15s.  
*The Hard Blue Sky.* By Shirley Ann Grau. Heinemann. 18s.  
*Warlock.* By Oakley Hall. Bodley Head. 18s.

TO look back, not in anger, but in tranquillity, on over seventy years of English social history is an enormously ambitious task for any novelist, but this is what Mr. Walter Allen has undertaken in *All in a Lifetime*. One doubts if any living writer is better equipped, in knowledge and in understanding, for such a task and *All in a Lifetime* has so many merits that it is difficult to explain why, at the end of it, one feels a certain sense of disappointment. Like Mr. Allen's own hero, Billy Ashted, looking back on his own life, one is tempted to say: 'Was that really all?'

Billy Ashted is a working man from the Midlands, a skilled craftsman in the jewellery and metal-working trade of which Birmingham is the centre. In his lifetime he has seen and taken part in the social and industrial revolution which has transformed the English working class from wage slaves into shareholders in the British Co-Prosperity Sphere. He himself came of a family which, though not at the very bottom of the social scale, lived very near subsistence level; but of his three sons one became a don at Cambridge, one a highly paid technocrat and one a ne'er-do-weel, and as such they are very representative examples of what may happen to the family of a skilled workman in the Welfare State. Their father also is typical from many points of view. He has worked for and shared in the rise of the Labour movement, more intimately perhaps than most because of his intense friendship with George Thompson, who became a Labour M.P. and met with political ruin as a result of taking as his mistress a class-traitor from the aristocracy. Mr. Allen records with loving care and great shrewdness and accuracy the characteristic features of the kind of group to which Billy Ashted belongs; he is a Radical but his Radicalism has nothing to do with revolution, it is a cast of mind inherited from Nonconformity, and goes with an intense respectability, especially in sexual matters, and a benevolent attitude to all religions except those which have bishops. It also goes with a passionate desire for self-improvement, not so much in material, as in cultural and intellectual, matters; socialists of the kind of Billy Ashted, who have meant far more to the Labour Party than Karl Marx ever did, would never agree that food comes first and culture a long way after.

In all this Billy can well be called typical, and he inspires our sympathy, respect and admiration; but why is it that he does not also inspire our interest? Perhaps the trouble is that he is too typical, for the type never really exists in so pure a form as it does in Billy Ashted; one misses that element of the unexpected and irrational, of what is absolutely native to a man and not a type, which in life, fortunately, prevents

any human being from conforming so completely to rule. Billy's one great break for freedom, which is to cut away from one's type, is his youthful voyage on an emigrant ship to New York and his two years stay in the United States; this episode has somehow a spontaneity and vivacity that we miss in the rest of the book, and perhaps this is because Billy himself was really more alive than at any other time in his life. For a moment one really has a hope that he is going to change his spots, but even the impact of the New World cannot quite succeed in effecting this.

In form, *All in a Lifetime* purports to be an autobiography written by Billy Ashted and, deliberately or not, something of the tiredness of old age seems to have crept into it. It is written in an admirably easy, flexible prose, and in this at least we feel that Billy is out of character; nothing for a moment persuades us that he really would, or could, have written like this.

It would be difficult to find a greater contrast to *All in a Lifetime* than *The Hard Blue Sky*. All the materials that make up Mr. Allen's book are familiar to us though somehow, with all his skill and talent, he lacks the particular gift which makes the familiar seem fresh and new; in Miss Grau's book everything, except one thing, is so unfamiliar that the gift is hardly needed. On the coast of Louisiana, off the mouth of the Mississippi, lie three islands, the Isle Cochon, the Terre Haute and the Isle des Chiens, of which the last provides the scene of *The Hard Blue Sky*. 'The land itself rises slowly from the brown sand beach on the south to the little shell ridge overlooking the back bay. There is a heavy bank of oak trees that begin just beyond the sand and an irregular line of very tall palms. (One comes down almost every September in the storms, but there always seem to be plenty left.) Under these trees there are houses, better houses than on Terre Haute, good tight houses, built at least five feet off the ground—hurricane water sweeps right over this island too. There are about twenty-five of these houses, tin-roofed and painted, some of them, in bright pastels. And to the back of the island, in the little curve like a toe on the east end, are the wharves for the boats, Biloxi-luggers they call them, and a small ice-house. Sometimes the shrimps, or the fish, are cleaned and packed on the island'.

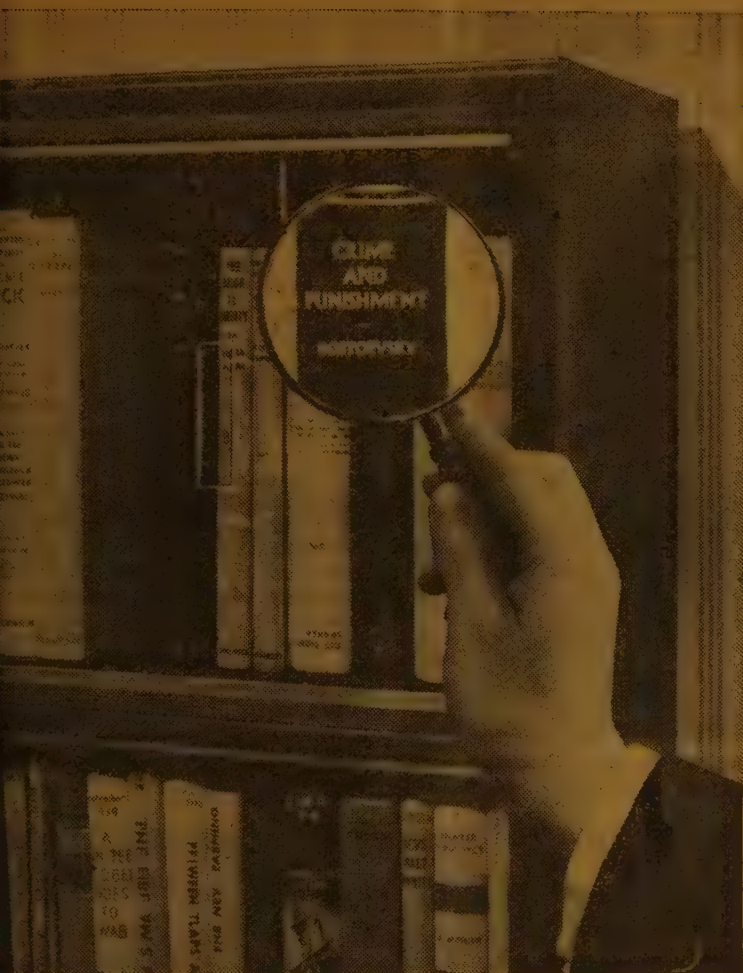
The physical circumstances in which Miss Grau's little community exists are so exceptional that it would have been only too easy for her to concentrate on the eccentricities of character which breed so easily in isolation; out in the Gulf we might have found an even Deeper South than in Oxford, Mississippi. Oleanders, thick as a man's arm, 'only, their smooth, dark

flowers are poison', hibiscus and bougainvillea, chinaberry trees with their stifling, rotting smell, wild dogs that roam the island in packs, the dangers and secrets of the marsh, and over all, around all, the wide skies and waters of the Gulf—all these compose a world in which it would be impossible to excuse and understand almost an extravagance of human behaviour. But with wonderfully sure instinct Miss Grau concentrates on what is general and universal in her characters; her Anne Landry, the sixteen-year-old girl whose father goes off to the mainland to find a new wife, is both a brilliant and a truthful portrait of adolescence. Like Ink D'Alfonso, of the yacht 'Pixie' which sails in from the Gulf, or Julius D'Arcenaux, whose grocery store is invaded by the wild dogs hunting a bitch, she has that matter-of-fact quality which we associate with the characters in a fair tale. Indeed, this quality inspires the whole of *The Hard Blue Sky*; the realism of Miss Grau's characters is all the more striking against the background of the strange, tropical luxuriance with which nature has surrounded them.

*Warlock* is strictly for addicts, like myself, of the Frontier, of the American Wild West which has given the modern world its only inexhaustible store of living legend. It is a very long book which tells in great detail the story of how law and order are brought to the lawless mining town of Warlock, but Mr. Oakley Hall's inventiveness does not often fail; why should it, when the whole epic of the West is there to stimulate it? The chief agent of justice in Warlock is Clay Blaisdell, gunman and killer, who is appointed town marshal when the Citizens' Committee decide that violence must be fought with violence, that outlaws, rustlers and desperadoes can only be fought by one of their own breed though quicker on the draw. The moral values in *Warlock* are not quite so simple and clear as we like to see them in stories of the West; it is a little sad to note that introspection, self-doubt and scepticism have begun to infect even the heroes of the Frontier, just as they long ago infected their brothers in the great cities. The hand on the trigger is slowed up by inhibitions these days; Gary Cooper's features are troubled by the pale cast of thought. But Blaisdell has just the right aura of mystery which we require in a hero; he is the man with the past, who uses evil means for good ends, and the ambivalence of his conduct is emphasized by his friendship with the sinister gambler, Morgan, once his partner. *Warlock* has few literary merits except the one merit of a theme which has passed out of history into legend; but to those who have ever fallen under the spell of the legend it can be confidently recommended.

GORONWY REES





## The Case of the Tidy Corpse

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## The Faith of a Humorist

W. S. GILBERT wrote for an age in which the standard of taste in popular amusement was as sadly in need of repair as it is today. He saw much of the absurdity of life, and added much to its gaiety; in so doing he went far to put mere vulgarity out of countenance. He is reputed to have loved the Book of Job, with its problem of sorrow and suffering, above all other literature.

Doubtless the librettist of *The Mikado* would have rejoiced to know that a century thence the Bible in colloquial Japanese would be acclaimed the Book of the Year in Japan.

The restricted private benevolence of Gilbert's day must now be borne on broader, or rather, more numerous shoulders. To provide the Bible in Japanese and over 800 other languages, at a price men can afford, is the task of

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# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

*Television Broadcasting*

## DOCUMENTARY

### The Awkward Age

LAST WEEK'S 'Lifeline' dealt, determinedly rather than revealingly, with adolescence. The indefatigable consultant psychiatrist asked a couple of teenagers some well-meaning stock questions—how much pocket money, how late home, etc. The girl, Janet, was so breath-takingly well-adjusted that she made the opening excerpt from one of those tense Scandinavian boy-and-girl films seem amusingly irrelevant. The psychiatrist did his best to tie up her answers with the current generalization of the teenage cult, but Janet was too much for him, and when he played her an American 'pop' song as bait she just said, very politely, that she hadn't quite caught all the words. The boy, who thought religion, politics, etc., 'a load of rot', and showed signs of enthusiasm only when parties were mentioned, came a bit nearer to the popular conception of the surly, inarticulate rebel and bored us as profoundly as we bored him.

If the idea of all this was to illustrate adolescent behaviour patterns, two experts knocked that on the head—a doctor by pointing out that you can't generalize about adolescents, and Geoffrey Gorer by saying that there is no standard pattern anyway. If the investigation showed anything, it was, I suppose, that not every kid is a mixed-up one. Could anyone not have known that? 'Lifeline' is often interesting on specific and unusual psychological experiences; but on this enormous topic, taking in the social, moral, and psychological experience



The consultant psychiatrist with two young people, Janet Walker and John Lockyear, in a programme about adolescence in 'Lifeline' on April 9

of hundreds of thousands of individuals, its documentary approach was inadequate and provided no basis whatever for that pious closing sermon.

In the second of his series on Greece, Sir Compton Mackenzie moved forward out of pre-history to the great battles against Persia in the fifth century B.C. Once again, he made the famous story live for us, because it so evidently lives for him. I was told of a seven-year-old boy who is enthralled by this series and is now demanding books on Greece. In 'The Age of Victory' the photography was again excellent, both of actual sites and of sculptural illustrations. There was rather too much martial music.

Sir Compton didn't have to listen to a concert while contemplating those immortal landscapes: why should we? But that is a small criticism of an inspiring series. As Sir Compton, visibly moved, stood on the great places quoting the Delphic oracle in the original, he seemed to personify the value placed on the classics in Britain for so many generations. I wonder if we shall look upon his like again.

A new series on the senses of animals, 'Their World', after a rather chilly start, warmed up considerably last week, when the subject was 'hearing'. On closer acquaintance I enjoyed Dr. Swinton's rather formal and old-fashioned style of presentation and his courteous and dignified handling of animals. The film of grasshoppers following sound was intriguing, while in the studio a large and obliging police-dog called Brenda responded to a whistle inaudible to us.

During these illustrative experiments, one felt rather like a dog oneself, being rewarded with a nice juicy bone after sitting through a lecture. Precept and practice both played their part; this kind of precise scientific information on a defined subject is

valuable. But need the programme be put on quite so late at night, when children, who would profit from it, are in bed?

'Panorama' offered two interesting film reports. One was on Bermuda, described by Andrew Marvell 300 years ago as 'remote' and 'unespied', but now two hours by air from New York and living comfortably off tourism: an English paradise with an American accent. But behind the prosperous façade lie the spiritual slums of racial segregation. Robert Kee's report had the stylishness, and the underlying seriousness, we have come to expect from him. He introduced us to the seemingly bland and self-satisfied leaders of the island, who all appeared to be called Trott, Tucker, or Trimmingham: like something out of Evelyn Waugh.

But most of the population are coloured; they are kept out of the smart hotels and off the voters' register. In return for this sub-



'Panorama' on April 6: Sir John Woodall, Governor of Bermuda, during an interview with Robert Kee

ordination they get a reasonable standard of living; but it looks as though the Trotts and Trimminghams may have to make more radical concessions in the near future. In this programme Mr. Kee handled the bosses with polite, controlled impatience.

In the Central African Federation, Mr. Chataway, poking his microphone curtly at the white settlers, seemed to attract reactionary sentiments like a magnet. 'Would you want your wife to be in the same lift as a coloured woman?' asked one man. I didn't hear Mr. Chataway demur. For the politicians, Sir Roy Welensky was less crude, but no less tough, on the subject of African opposition to Federation.

In the studio afterwards, Mr. Lennox-Boyd seemed to turn the dispute into a party statement, and it was left to 'Tonight' to uphold the equal-time principle the following evening by inviting Mr. Callaghan to speak for the Labour Party.

K. W. GRANSDEN



Dr. W. E. Swinton, with Police Constable Raymond Fear (left) of the Somerset County Police, and the police-dog Brenda, in 'Their World—Hearing' on April 8



# RAMA

## More of the Wars

HERE ARE SITUATIONS easily dismissed as theatrical because the theatre has used them so often. Take the case of the villain in power who will spare another man's life if a woman will yield to his infamous intentions. It is a long time since Shakespeare wrote *Measure for Measure* and he did not invent the plot of that play. Saunders Lewis in *Treason*, Sunday night's piece, seemed to mar the urgency and gravity of his picture of German generals and the Gestapo after the Allies' successful invasion of Europe by including an episode of this familiar kind. Trite theatricalism, no doubt, it who is to say that such things did not happen when the Gestapo thugs were pursuing their pleasures along with their persecutions? That life imitates art may be a fact as well as a aphorism of Oscar Wilde's.

The major interest, however, lay not in the 'mer-honour-at-stake' crisis, but in the conflict of the German Officer Corps with the jumped-up Fuehrer, whom they now deemed to be a fanatic as well as an incompetent generalissimo, and with his unmilitary Nazi jackals. We were shown the old type of Prussian soldier as more ready to accept defeat in July 1944 and more involved in the plot to kill Hitler, Goering, and Himmler than has been hitherto understood. With this position accepted, the struggle of wills and temperaments was convincingly presented by Elwyn Jones who had translated the play from the Welsh and produced it with a well-balanced cast.

The case for the German worship of Hitler by men and women who had been youngsters of the hunger, unemployment, and degradation of the inter-war years was extremely well put by the author and well spoken by Kenneth Riffith. The solid Prussian *Junker*, loyal to his oath of loyalty to Hitler and yet knowing the utility of prolonging a war now lost, was solidly realized by Clifford Evans. Donald Houston led the case for the Army rebels with a fire in his heart. Other spokesmen to be commended were Walter Hudd as a judicious senior and Bernard Archard and Alex Scott as soldiers in despair. Ian Phillips did all that was necessary for the play who found herself in the same plight as Isabella when Shakespeare's Angelo was acting as omnipotent ruler in Hitler's home-town.

In several television features I have appreciated Willis Hall's sharp sense of character and natural dialogue. These qualities have recently earned a merited theatrical success for *The Long and the Short and the Tall*, which has come to the West End from the Royal Court in Sloane Square. An early section of this compelling war-play about a patrol cut off in the Malayan jungle in 1942 was televised for thirty minutes from the stage of the New Theatre (April 9) and was given an effective curtain with the capture of the Japanese scout. Perhaps that was the right part for transmission, but I missed the admirable scenes where communication is attempted with the Japanese prisoner who has no word of English. These might have attracted future play-goers even more. Several lively aspects of the piece came across with brilliant impact and I realized afresh how cleverly it is cast and played. The odorous, tetchy Scot, the northerner with his thoughts of a tiny town and the vegetables at the back, the earnest little radio-man with his

love-story, the innocent abroad with his heart in a magazine serial, give tongue authentically to our various British types. Having met them twice, I feel they are niched in my memory for years. Peter O'Toole as the obstreperous Private Bamforth, with his rasping jocosity that masks the warmest of humanity, is remarkably vivid in his physical and facial effects, but the accent he employs is difficult and he needs to speak his lines more clearly. They certainly deserve it.

April seems to be Serial Time at Lime Grove. Viewers of *The Infamous John Friend*, adapted by A. R. Rawlinson from a novel by Mrs. R. S. Garnett, are encountering a Pimpernellish figure with a clandestine cross-channel traffic in the year when 'Boney' was threatening his invasion. William Lucas plays the enigmatic Friend with a nice line in sardonic swagger, and many will want to know more of this agent of the English Government who is short of cash and so ready with devices to make his patriotism pay. This is more likely to be a boat-and-sail than boot-and-saddle yarn; but it is pleasant to have an occasional change of climate from the old historical-romantic. Nobody, I think, has yet said in this piece, 'Stap my vitals', but, if anyone staps me, I'll buy one.

Next came a trio of Charlies. Charlie Drake is off again and I shall return to him with eagerness. In *The Two Charleys* Charlie Chester and Eleanor Summerfield are determined to demonstrate that life behind the scenes is never life behind the times, that show business can pay dividends for ever, and that a squabbling couple with their 'act' can survive comparison with Noel Coward's *Red Peppers*. It will need more than I have seen so far to convince me that this determination is justified. But the players lack nothing in resolve to make us enjoy the old, old story.

I like my brusque and burly Charlesworth (Wensley Pithey) but Berkely Mather's second Charlesworth episode was such a tangle of false pretences that subsequent unravelling was uncommonly difficult. Many viewers, I fancy, would prefer their crookery nook to be less of a labyrinth.

IVOR BROWN



William Lucas as John Friend and Margaret Tyzack as his wife in the first episode of *The Infamous John Friend* on April 6

## Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### Shotover Survives

IF *Heartbreak House* sails into posterity while much of Shaw's work founders it will be because it has Captain Shotover at the helm. The Captain, played with great feeling by Mr. Stephen Murray in Mr. Val Gielgud's production (April 5, Third), is one of the most human characters that Shaw conceived. The Captain flies no ideological kites save the thought that we are all eventually for the dark. Shaw may have started this play with the intention of burlesquing the manner of Chekhov or Ostrovsky. In the beginning the country-house conversation works its way through a bank of Shavian witticisms. But the attempt to be smart is finally forgotten and the characters take over. With the Captain at their head they strike in the last act that chord of melancholy which is as much buried in the English character as it is in the Slav. The Captain heads a chorus of Wanderers, and the lamentations for England's and man's state have a poignancy as well as a truth about them.

The curious thing about the play is the zeppelin raid. Shaw the dramatist created the Captain and Shaw the playwright insists, as he does at the end of *Saint Joan*, in an ending that ties things up. The appearance of the zeppelin is sudden and without warning. Unlike the breaking of the thunder in Ostrovsky's *The Storm* it comes out of a clear sky. Its appearance makes for good theatrical effect but it does nothing more than drive home the sense of doom which has already been so powerfully evoked by the heart-broken inhabitants of Shaw's country house. It is a pity that even here Shaw could not resist the temptation to write more than a work of art, to close a play which really succeeds in exposing human emotion with a stagey artifice.

Two short plays by Gil Vicente, the sixteenth-century Portuguese dramatist, which were translated by Miss Jill Booty, were astonishingly fresh. They were *The Sailor's Wife* and *The Widower's Comedy*. The first play was about the capers of a sailor's wife left alone for three years while her husband sails to India and back. The second con-



Scene from *Blackmail Is so Difficult* on April 7, with Meredith Edwards as Mr. Smith (the blackmailer), Anne Pichon (standing) as Packer, and Fay Compton as Miss Prince



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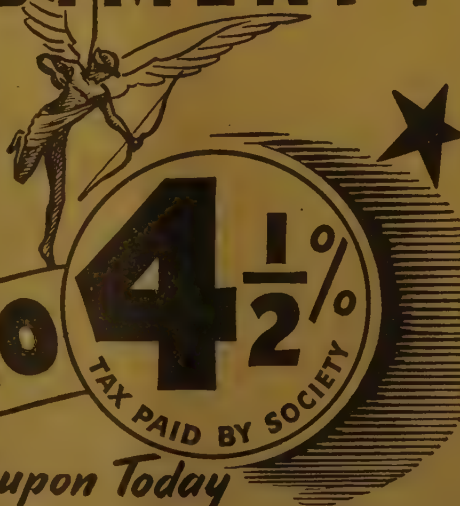


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cerned a romanesque hero who masquerades as a shepherd and finally marries one of his mistresses. Both plays were hardly more than sketches but they had a neatness of construction that many later playwrights would envy. In spite of the fact that they were written for salon performance at the court of Queen Lianor they did not at any moment strike an archaic note. The idiom was surprisingly timeless and the humour of the asides was still acceptable. Vicente owed something to the tradition of Roman comedy but he avoided the snare of the involved plot which afflicted some of his Italian contemporaries. Mr. Michael Bakewell produced and had the good sense to refrain from trick effects that the skill of Vicente made unnecessary. Both he and Miss Booty proved Vicente's charm, and I hope she will translate more of his plays. They made good radio.

Crossing the border between Drama and Feature, Mr. Ted Allan's *Lies My Father Told Me* was an interesting piece of dramatized storytelling about a Jewish boy living in Montreal. The boy, who tells the story, adores his grandfather who is a strict Orthodox Jew. His father wants him to become an assimilated Canadian and views the grandfather's influence with alarm. The conflict between the two ways of life was cleverly brought out and its solution in the death of the grandfather was both true to life and effective. The scenes were interrupted by lumps of orchestral music that was too melodramatic and I felt that Jewish songs might have better created the mood.

Also half way between Drama and Feature was Mr. Peter Everett's *Night of the March Hare*, which was a portrait in verse and heightened prose of the life of a Soho drifter. Produced by Mr. Joe Burroughs, it had some interesting effects and contained some sounds, like coins going into a telephone box, that are rarely heard for their full value. Mr. Everett's drifter finally realized that the only way out of Soho was to take a train to Dungeness. There was something almost comic about his central figures' dilemma and it was not surprising that the piece did not say anything really significant. 'Fings', as Mr. Frank Norman would say, are not what they used to be and Soho is no longer the place to look for any kind of enlightenment. Mr. Everett is a poet and he should do better with another subject. Perhaps it is waiting for him at Dungeness.

IAN RODGER

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Olla Podrida

FOR ME the most memorable item last week turned out to be a story, 'Lunch with Eloy' by Gerald Howson, excellently read by Cyril Shaps, on Wednesday (Third). Was there even fiction, I wondered, in this *conte cruel*? It was about the narrator's stay in Cadiz (one of the oldest cities in Europe) and his education there, in guitar-playing and what might most safely be called the humanities of the sunny south. A certain artlessness in the writing only helped to fortify the actuality of the whole piece—a three-dimensional, narrative portrait of Eloy, virtuoso guitarist in the flamenco style by vocation, by trade a fishmonger and usually covered in scales like a 'mess of flies' wings'. Eloy was not above rifling blind men's begging-bowls when short of cash, or spiking out the eyes of caged goldfinches to make them sing.

The whole horripilating tale was built up to its final tableau: the narrator arriving to lunch (with a Lorca under his arm) to find the household screaming and weltering in blood from a locally stranded and slaughtered tunny-fish, fighting tooth and claw for the paper-money proceeds of the sale—while a live turkey, fatten-

ing for Christmas, gobbled and sulked among the children on the bed. After admiring his newest baby's manhood, and drenching his guest's lunch in hot oil, Eloy proceeds to play the guitar, and his daughters, having tucked away their share of the cash, to dance—no doubt, like satisfied harpies. This was the least sparing account—not excluding Borrow or D. H. Lawrence—that I have ever heard or read, of that baffled encounter which is always taking place, in one form or another, between the inquisitive, enlightened traveller from the north and basic, Mediterranean man.

From Cadiz to Wales: a drop in temperature, perhaps, but not necessarily in the paces of the tongue; which was adequately demonstrated by an assemblage of eight contemporary Welsh writers discussing exactly how Welsh—linguistically, characteristically, sophistically—a contemporary Welsh writer ought to be. There was a pleasant warmth of mutual admiration in the air, along with one or two stalling compliments—'But you were always in revolt against society, weren't you?'—of the type that seems to need a Thurber to illustrate it. The issue of the talk, on the whole, was that the Welsh writer (like the Irish) is best off with his own local traditions—and the English language. Gwyn Thomas, a born performer, was there to enliven the proceedings with his anxiety that no truly native characteristics should be lost. 'We must preserve the breed of hypocrites to the end' was his *Excelsior*. One could imagine him setting out, the party over, the Longfellow's youth, waving this strange device, all the way from Swansea to Snowdonia, with a gathering band of deacons, and other infuriated last-ditchers, in his wake.

A new question-and-answer programme, 'Asking the World', made its debut on Sunday, April 5, devised by Norman Macdonald and under the chairmanship of John Morris. The audience and questioners here were a large and lively group of students from London University. The answers were as widely distributed as in 'Radio Link': a Swedish M.P. and Professor of Political Science in Stockholm, a Jesuit Father and Professor of International Law in Brussels, a novelist and Civil Service Commissioner in London, and a literary critic and journalist in New York. In spite of the range of this network, the party proceeded with no technical hitch.

A programme of this nature, like a new magazine, needs time to get into its stride, and to dictate the kind of contents, *i.e.*, questions which suit it best. One or two of the questions put up by the students here verged on the obvious, or the unanswerable. Honours among the answerers must surely go to Norman Podhoretz, the American, who seemed to have a natural gift for impromptu—brisk, balanced, and carefully considered. I particularly admired his neat unpeeling of the conventional, extra-American image of Abraham Lincoln, to disclose something much more convincing underneath. Altogether, with its trans-continental tribunal, and its eager, up-and-coming audience, this new series might well prove a welcome variation, one up on 'The Brains Trust' and other programmes of the same sort.

One of the prime justifications for 'Any Questions?'—if needed—would be its attendant offspring, 'Any Answers?', on Thursdays, in the Light Programme. Taxes on cats, on bicycles, on the sales of professional footballers, were some of the suggestions thrown into this week's vintage. Breathless and concentrated, as always, it gave a fresh yet utterly characteristic cross-section of what Britain is thinking: a tribute, in about equal degrees, to craziness and common sense.

DAVID PAUL

## MUSIC

### A Sound of Symphonies

HUMPHREY SEARLE'S Second Symphony dates from last year and was given a first broadcast last week in the Third Programme. Interest for me centred partly in waiting for enlightenment, in watching out to see how much dissonance one could stand without becoming surfeited, drugged, insensitive to those steep heights where dissonance has its dwelling. There is a great deal of it in this new work, and realizing this as the music progresses one comes within sight of another interest. What is it in this acrid music that made it possible for a listener to stand so much dissonance and assimilate it easily?

The reason is that Searle's writing had a persistent logic about it, a clear consecution of thought. One was instinctively inclined to go part, if not all, of the way with him because of this sense his music produced of being itself sternly directed towards some ultimate aim. The wayward and the irregular had no part in it. We were presented with reasoned thought and what appeared as an infallible method for expressing that thought. Gradually a curious happening took place: the inherent character of all dissonance, its breaking in upon consonance to produce a sense of tension, wore thin and at last wore off altogether. So much dissonance in disbalance against so little consonance defeats its own ostensible purpose; it becomes at length itself a kind of consonance, the dissonance of one page the consonance of the next. Possibly this easing away from the hard unknown towards the more temperate regions of the familiar made a first meeting with this new music so unexpectedly pleasant.

I can imagine that the score looks fairly complicated though I did not feel that the music was at all complex in construction, a feeling produced, of course, under the ideal conditions of a fine performance by the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic under John Pritchard. Even a single hearing left an impression of clear form; each movement with its reiterated monotone rhythms mostly for wind giving unity to the whole in these potent ejaculations; each movement very urgent; the slow movement, starting with a big cello outline, very sombre; the whole work dramatic and intense. I found it an exhilarating series of three movements. Not for a single instant did I find myself forced to go forward with it. Forcible the music was; indeed clamorous. Yet I had no sense of being bludgeoned into awareness. Simply I could not, or rather I would not, stop listening, for the sheer interest of it. I am not yet prepared to give a snap judgment, to say whether or not I think this is a good symphony; only that for me it provided a memorable half-hour. That is, I own, a subjective evaluation; I was drawn right into the mesh of the music. So I leave the matter until I hear the work again and either am confirmed in my opinion or, as can often happen, to one's chagrin, disillusioned. Somehow I do not feel apprehensive.

The next evening in the Home Service, another new symphony came up over the horizon, from Hungary this time; the seventh by Laszlo Lajtha, a prolific composer, we were told, and a contemporary of Bartók and Kodály. That latter fact became increasingly incredible as the symphony worked through to its end and it may be said for Mr. Lajtha that in withstanding any noticeable influence from those two towering Hungarian composers he shows a strong, if sterile, power of resistance. Of individuality there was little sign. Like Searle, Lajtha produced a large amount of stressful music, but unlike his younger English contemporary he allowed an equal expanse of quieter relief, in Searle's symphony an element of contrast held



sternly in check. As a result, whereas Searle is concise Lajtha sounds diffuse. His manner is, for all its outbursts of harshness and dissonance, that of a fundamentally romantic observer. A man living in Hungary these days will have had plenty to observe and it may be that one way for a sensitive artist to keep sane is to report what goes on around him with this evasive verbosity. The texture of this music is rich and its temperature warm. Sir Eugene Goossens, conducting the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, gave an energetic account of it. One felt that it was very

much his type of writing, an opinion strengthened when, a few days later, his opera *Don Juan de Mañara* (1937) was given a recorded studio performance with him in charge.

Twenty-two years is about the right age for an opera to be looked into again, so as to discover how it is wearing and whether first opinions still hold good. In this case there is no need greatly to revise a favourable judgment about the general competence of the music, the fluency of the writing, the richness of the Straussian orchestration (with a few welcome

passages of lighter texture, such as that in music for the dying Don Luis) and the unstrained verbosity that produces too many exciting anti-climaxes. Bruce Boyce sang the part resonantly and gave the impression of avuncular Juan de Mañara. There was, too, a servant Hussein; no Leporello, he. Arnold Bennett made him a mere paltry gowk. But Saturday Jan van der Gucht rescued him and transformed him into a live character, one of the most personable that night.

SCOTT GODDARD

## Heinrich Schütz: German Master of the Baroque

By DENIS STEVENS

A programme of choral music by Schütz will be broadcast at 9.0 p.m. on Saturday, April 25 (Third)

THE RAVAGES of fire in Copenhagen and Dresden have deprived music-lovers of a complete and thorough knowledge of Schütz's music. There was no eighteenth-century Coussemaker to copy out, and so save for posterity, the stage works and instrumental music of the greatest German composer of the baroque. Thus Schütz is known to us mainly as a solid and often sombre master of church music, an impression that is enhanced by the furrowed brow and ascetic mien of the man depicted by Romstet; yet this was Schütz in his eighty-seventh year, the year of his death. The span of his life was long and generous, and he used it with uncommon dedication and strength of purpose to help his country out of the musical backwater where it had floated, utterly out of control, during the political and theological turmoil resulting from the reforms of his fellow-Saxon, Luther.

Schütz was true to Germany in general, and to Saxony in particular, for the greater part of his life. He spent fifty-five years in the service of the Elector of Saxony, supervising the music of the court chapel at Dresden, but he was granted leave of absence to visit Venice and Copenhagen during the worst period of the Thirty Years' War, when music-making in common with other artistic pursuits was at its lowest ebb. His first protector and friend, however, was the Landgrave Maurice of Hesse-Cassel. It was he who provided the young chorister with his initial musical training, also seeing to it that he attended the Collegium Mauricianum for a broad humanistic education based on the ideals of Castiglione. These formative years were of the utmost importance in the shaping of Schütz's taste and character, and to this very day Cassel keeps its Heinrich-Schütz-Allee as a visible reminder of his sojourn in that city.

### Law and Music

At the University of Marburg, a few miles to the south-west of Cassel, he took law as a study and music as a relaxation, and his patron, with a shrewd eye for a future *Kapellmeister*, offered to subsidize a course in musical composition. Fortunately for Schütz, German universities wisely refrained from attempting to teach this subject, so the twin bait became Venice and Giovanni Gabrieli. It could hardly have been otherwise in 1609, for the largely imitative art and architecture of Germany came direct from Italian models, and music was but one facet of art. On the way to Venice, Schütz thought of his visit as a chance to see the world, a pleasant interlude whose inevitable end would be a return to jurisprudence. But once installed in the city, he realized that the power of music was greater than he had ever guessed, and the

pomp and pageantry at St. Mark's together with the dominating personality of Gabrieli ('Gabrieli, immortal gods, how great a man!') lured him into spending no fewer than four years there as an avid and serious student.

### Warmth of Southern Colour

The set of Italian madrigals that Schütz composed and published in Venice is almost more Italian than Gabrieli and Marenzio, and its vivid extremism brought it little support in Germany. But Schütz was determined to introduce the warmth of southern harmonic colour and the excitement of spatial contrasts to his brother musicians; the colour he put into his *Cantiones sacrae* of 1625, and the contrasts into his polychoral Psalm settings of 1619. The musical ethos of the *Cantiones* was split between the Netherlandish polyphonic style, the fast-rising claims of the *basso continuo*, and the unchurchly emotional gamut of the madrigalian idiom. Much more successful were the Psalms, which were more than a mere echo of Venetian stereophonic splendour. They were prefaced by a careful note from the composer (the first of many precious evidences now of positive value in the field of performance practice) exhorting the conductor not to take too rapid a tempo, otherwise unpleasant harmony would result, 'like a swarm of flies engaged in battle'.

Schütz intended his magnificent Psalm settings for special services and occasions, rather than for any particular part of the liturgy. He rarely made use of chorale melodies as *cantus firmi*, though his contemporary Praetorius—who also derived certain stylistic features from Venice—used them frequently and with almost as much variety as Bach. True, there are isolated examples in the *Cantiones sacrae*, the *Kleine geistliche Konzerte*, and the *Geistliche Chormusik*, and the melodies are handled with great resource and intelligence; but in the main Schütz gives us the impression that he is more interested in the possibilities of totally free melodic organization and composition than in faithful adherence to dull musical dogma.

Yet he could be remarkably in tune with tradition when he chose, and his *Easter Oratorio* in particular shows close affinities with that of one of his predecessors at Dresden, Antonio Scandello. The opening and closing choruses are there, so too is the practice of assigning two voices to a single character: alto and tenor represent Jesus, two sopranos represent Mary Magdalene. Yet the two angels are personified by two tenors, and the three Marys by three sopranos. The Evangelist's part is sung consistently by one soloist. Schütz must have felt conscious of some anomaly here, for he stated in his preface to the oratorio that, if need be,

either the alto or tenor could be replaced by an instrument, or even omitted. Thus the part of Jesus could be interpreted in a manner distinctly reminiscent of Italian monody, and the element of remoteness could be replaced by musical manifestation of near-pietism.

Throughout his life Schütz wavered between the rival claims of staid northern protestantism and southern catholic splendour, between the demands of liturgy and the urgent inspiration of music. He tried, more than any other German composer, to reconcile two opposite poles and two artistic ideals. In Dresden and Copenhagen he begged his friends, as soon as he heard of a projected visit to Italy, to bring back all the new music they could find. They did so, and he spent months of amazement before the open part-books of Tarquinio Merula, Stefano Bernardi, Alessandro Grandi and Claudio Monteverdi. In 1628 he could resist no more; he travelled once more to Venice, stayed with old friends, and observed with acute perception the many changes of style that had taken place during his sixteen years of absence. He had brought with him funds granted by the Elector for purchase of new music, but when he, Schütz, at the age of forty-three, too old for new music?

### The New Style

Constantin Huygens, a musico-poetical Dutch diplomat, rightly said that Italian motets of the early baroque either pranced or galloped, and his comments were echoed by many another writer of the time. Schütz was attracted to some aspects of the new style, and repelled by others, for he admired the *stile concitato* of Monteverdi yet feared for the very foundation of polyphony. Even twenty years after his second visit he reaffirmed his faith in the musical legacy of the Netherlanders by publishing his *Geistliche Chormusik*, and pointing out in the preface that German composers should learn how to crack the hard nut of polyphony before going on to the seductive sounds of concert music. Yet he was known to his followers as a pupil as a man who derived the greatest musical pleasure from emulating his 'beloved and world-famous teacher Mr. John Gabrieli', and it is in the midst of his *corispezzati* that we see him in the old Dresden Chapel as depicted by Matthäus. The bold musical archer, Sagittarius (as he Latinized his name), had won a hard victory for German music.

Booking has now opened for the Elgar-Delius-Holst anniversary concert at the Royal Festival Hall on Wednesday, May 13, when the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, Moiseiwitsch, and the B.B.C. Women's Chorus will be conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent.





My name is DOROTHY WHISTLER and I am the controversial and contrapuntal Young Lady who started CLASSICS CLUB—a quite unforgivable thing to do, it is said (in some quarters). As editor of CLASSICS CLUB NEWS (issued free to members—I am not issued free to members) I was responsible for quite an uproar \*

\* Continued below.

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|   |   |
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| <b>HAYDN</b><br>Trumpet Concerto (Finale)<br>ORCHESTRA OF VIENNA STATE OPERA<br>HANS SWAROWSKY Conducting   | <b>CHOPIN</b><br>Souvenirs de Paganini<br>MLLE. LIVIA REV, Piano                                    |
| <b>SCHUBERT</b><br>Ave Maria<br>MARIA KORCHINSKA, Harp. CECIL ARONOWITZ, Viola  |   |
| <b>MENDELSSOHN</b><br>Reformation Symphony (5th) (Andante)<br>LONDON PHILHARMONIC, SIR EUGENE GOOSSENS Conducting   |   |
| <b>TCHAIKOVSKY</b><br>Chanson Triste<br>ORCHESTRA OF VIENNA STATE OPERA, HANS SANDAUER Conducting   |   |
| <b>WAGNER</b><br>Dance of the Apprentices<br>SAXON STATE ORCHESTRA<br>RUDOLF KEMPE Conducting   | <b>GRIEG</b><br>Norwegian Dance No.2<br>LEIPZIG RADIO SYMPHONY ORCH.<br>GERHARD WIESENHUTTER Cond.  |
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- (123) RIMSKY-KORSAKOV  
Scheherazade

\* Continued from above

both inside and outside the industry. Now that I am CLASSICS CLUB's Advertising Manager, I have grown up, I am told, and must lean towards the "conservative" side of things. Hence this rather quiet and decidedly reserved sort of advertisement (by my standards) and, you know, you too might so regard it if you were already a member of CLASSICS CLUB and had grown accustomed, AS I HOPE YOU WILL, to our quite staggering monthly offers to our members (CLASSICS CLUB's first rule is that no member is ever obliged to buy anything at any time at any price).



# The Art of Chessmanship

By LEONARD BARDEN

DURING THE WORLD team chess championship in Munich I watched some of the great masters in action, and noticed that many of them had subtle methods of demonstrating their superiority to their opponents. Petrosian, the new Russian champion, used habitually to loll in his seat, wearing an expression of intense boredom, as if he wondered why on earth the other man did not resign. Tal would either glare at his opponents while they thought about their moves or else, after making his own move, jump up from the board, stroll round the room, and completely ignore his own game.

Smyslov, the ex-world champion, has a different technique. When he makes a move on the board, he picks up the piece, and, instead of flinging it down in the usual offhand manner, he makes a screwing movement as he carefully fixes it on to the new square. The impression this gives is that no other move is worthy of consideration. The world champion, Botvinnik, also pays attention to off-board tactics. During his last title match with Smyslov he always brought a bottle of raspberry juice to the board. As soon as he was satisfied that he had a good position he would pour out his drink, and even the impassive Smyslov would wilt a little.

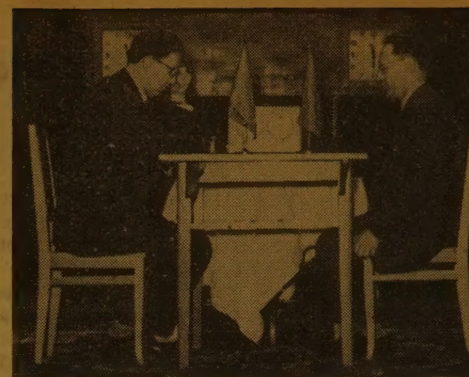
In a game between experts the capture of a piece is usually made with a contemptuous flick. The capturing piece rises up, descends on its run with the accuracy of a dive-bomber, and gives the captured piece a smart crack amidst ships at the moment of impact. This method of taking things can be learnt with a few hours' practice, and it will often give your opponents an unmerited respect for you.

Other possibilities are less complicated. It is

fair enough to make a move just as your opponent gets up from his chair, though perhaps a little discourteous to wait, as some players do, until he has gone out to the lavatory. Looking worried when you set a trap is rather obvious, as is putting your unguarded queen *en prise* to your opponent's unguarded queen when you have a lost position; but they both have been known to work. I am excluding here detailed discussion of such common phenomena as hand-hovers, ash-droppers, orange-suckers, chair trapeze artists, body swayers, coughers, sniffers, coin rattlers, and spectacle cleaners, for you can find them at many chess clubs and congresses.

As you might expect, the most advanced examples of chessmanship occur in master play. When Nimzovitch, then aged sixteen, first met Dr. Tarrasch in a tournament, the great doctor played (1) P-K4, at which the youth glanced out of the corner of his eye as he read a newspaper. Then, slightly folding the paper and lolling sideways, he used it to push his queen's bishop's pawn, with ineffable weariness, one square, immediately resuming his reading. Dr. Tarrasch, at that time a leading contender for the world title, was outraged by this cheeky behaviour, allowed it to affect his play, and lost the game.

Emanuel Lasker, who was world champion for twenty-seven years, was a great exponent of chessmanship. The best story about him may not be strictly accurate, but it is very much in character. Lasker and the Hungarian grandmaster Maroczy were invited to dinner by a wealthy chess patron. After a fine meal, their host suggested a friendly game and led them into the library. There, spread on the floor, was a giant



Vasily Smyslov (left) in play against Mikhail Botvinnik (right) during the world championship Moscow last year

chessboard, and set up ready to play was a chess set which startled even players as experienced as Lasker and Maroczy. The pawns were represented by glasses of fine liqueur, and the other pieces, according to their value, by drinks of increasing potency. The all-powerful queen consisted of a magnum of vodka. 'Just to make the game more interesting', said the patron, 'I will give £1,000 to the winner. By the way, I have one special rule; when you capture a piece, you have to drink it'.

The masters tossed for colours, and Lasker had white. He began with the usual move (1) P-K4, and Maroczy replied with (1) P-K4. Now Lasker played a complete beginner's move (2) Q-R5. Maroczy was greatly surprised, but after a little thought developed his queen's knight by (2) Kt-QB3. Here Lasker made one of the most remarkable sacrifices in chess history. He played (3) QxKBP check. Black had no choice; he must take the queen. 'What on earth the world champion have in mind?' thought Maroczy. 'How can he possibly follow up such a crazy sacrifice?'

Lasker won the £1,000. In fact, he did not have to make another move. Maroczy's game collapsed, along with Maroczy himself.

—From a talk in Network Three



## Inter-City Bridge Test—IV

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

THE LAST MATCH in the first round of the individual inter-city test (broadcast in Network Three) was played on April 11. The competitors were Mr. John Kennedy, of Coventry, and Mrs. F. H. Addison, of Exeter. The first question was on bidding. At love all the bidding goes:

|       |      |       |      |
|-------|------|-------|------|
| SOUTH | WEST | NORTH | EAST |
| 3D    | 4D   | 5D    | ?    |

What should East bid, holding

♠ A 6 3 ♥ J 9 7 4 2 ♦ 10 6 ♣ K 8 5 ?

First, one must determine what is the meaning of partner's Four Diamonds. Most players have a conventional way of asking for a take-out over an opening Three bid. Some play Three No Trumps for a take-out, some Four Clubs. In general, a bid of the enemy suit has a special meaning: it suggests a powerful two-suiter, not an all-round hand. Therefore, a jump to Six Hearts by East might cut across partner's intentions, for partner might have a black two-suiter. On the other hand, Five Hearts is

inadequate in view of the good values, and it does not show the readiness for spades and clubs.

We held that Five No Trumps was the best choice, inviting partner to bid Six in his best suit. We made Six Diamonds next best, although it would shut out Six Clubs. Both competitors voted promptly for Five No Trumps and gave excellent reasons, so both scored 10 out of 10.

Next was a familiar position in play:

K 9 5 3 (North)

A 10 6 (South)

What is the best way to make three tricks with this combination? The best is to lay down the Ace and then the King. This wins except when one opponent has Q J x x (or more). The other plays all lose to rather more combinations. For example, you might play the Ace and then lead low to the 9; but that would lose to Q J x x with East and also to Q x or J x.

For giving that last answer, Mr. Kennedy scored 3 out of 10. Mrs. Addison was rather unsure and scored 0. So Mr. Kennedy was now 3 points in the lead.

For the final question we went to the law. South leads a card towards dummy, and East plays a card out of turn, before West or dummy. What is the law?

The answer is in three parts. The card mainly played and declarer may require offender's partner to play (a) his highest card of the suit led; or (b) his lowest card of the suit led; or (c) a card of another specified suit.

Mr. Kennedy scored 9 out of 10 for answer to this question, Mrs. Addison 5. The final result was a total of 22 out of 40 against his opponent's 15, and entered semi-final.

We hope to discuss the remaining stages of competition in future numbers.





## Suggestions for the Housewife

### Baked Fish in White Wine

IT IS SAID that one night, after enjoying supper with Mme du Barry, Louis XV asked that the chef be summoned so that he could compliment him. The cook was in fact a woman, and knowing that the King considered only men cooks were capable of producing a dish 'fit for a king' it was with some trepidation that Mme du Barry sent for her. However, the King had been so impressed by the excellence of the meal that he took off the blue ribbon of the Order of the Holy Spirit, the first order of the Bourbon kings that he was wearing, and presented it to the woman saying she now had the right to call herself a 'Cordon Bleu'—a title still coveted by cooks.

One of the dishes the King had enjoyed was river cray-fish cooked in Sauterne, and the method is still used for many kinds of fish, especially river fish.

Prepare a marinade by thoroughly mixing together 3 tablespoons of olive oil, chopped tarragon, parsley, and spring onions, and a wineglass of white wine. Leave the fish soaking in this for twenty-four hours, then bake it, basting at intervals with the mixture. When cooked, strain off the marinade and incorporate it in a good white sauce.

To make the sauce, in addition to the marinade, you will need:

- 2 tablespoons of butter
- 2 tablespoons of flour
- 1 egg yolk
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of capers
- Salt and pepper

Melt the butter, stir in the flour and cook until it bubbles slightly, draw aside and add the marinade by degrees, stirring constantly (if more liquid is needed add a little water). When the mixture is smooth add the egg yolk little by little, taking care the sauce does not boil. Season, and add the capers.

ANNE BEATON

### Flame-resistant Fabrics

A few days ago the British Standards Institution published a document which describes what we can expect from a textile that is claimed to be flame resistant. This is going to mean that, in future, if we buy something that carries a B.S.I. low-flammability label we can be sure we are buying something that gives us a very fair protection against ordinary clothes-burning accidents in the home. There are going to be some new government regulations designed to back up this new standard.

What about the effect of washing on these fabrics; will they still be flame resistant when they have been in and out of the wash-tub a few times? Yes: fabrics do not earn the B.S.I. mark unless they stand up to a tough washing

test which is repeated eleven times. They also have to take dry cleaning satisfactorily.

RUTH DREW—'Today'

### Notes on Contributors

GEORG TUGENDHAT (page 655): lately Managing Director, Manchester Oil Refinery (Holdings) Ltd.; a Governor of the London School of Economics

ROLAND OLIVER (page 657): Reader in African History, London University; author of *The Missionary Factor in East Africa*, etc.

MAX BELOFF (page 663): Gladstone Professor of Government and Public Administration, Oxford University; author of *Europe and the Europeans*, etc.

OWEN HOLLOWAY (page 669): author of *Graphic Art of Japan*

R. M. OGILVIE (page 671): Lecturer in Classics, Oxford University

D. E. BROADBENT (page 673): Director of the Medical Research Council Unit of Applied Psychology at Cambridge; author of *Perception and Communication*

DENIS STEVENS (page 692): conductor and musicologist; formerly Professor of Musicology, Columbia University

LEONARD BARDEN (page 694): author of *How Good Is Your Chess?*, etc.

### Crossword No. 1,507.

### Haplographic.

### By Simmo

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, April 23. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

#### CLUES—ACROSS

1. Like a waistcoat with a message, it's vain (2 words)
11. The turtle, when in the soup, says goodbye to parent
12. A sceptic to quote among Semitic leaders
14. Stay away from a horrid sensation
16. The long red worm makes a girl take cover
17. A new definition of a nude—that is, without covering
18. Are the arts decadent? Ruddy unlikely! (hyphen)
20. Short-cut? The approach is halfway along a side issue
22. A claw on a French terrier
24. Shakespeare's private chamber, near the office (hyphen)
27. A back-to-front roisterer is wild

30. To close the ranks upsets most of the Reserves
31. To injure no woman, that's how ancient glass beads are described
32. Strong snuff; with half an eye you can see the paper curl up
33. A small civet which bits off head of fish
36. Elementary recession right in the heart of the City
37. Evans is, at least, in pads. Want to go in to do his job? (hyphen)
39. The Scots aim is to pay—without using a coin!
40. A letter off the straight
41. Former 'Wonder of the World', once located in Rome
42. Carrier which has terrible effects
43. A dish of millet flour makes a small cousin repeat!
44. A bed of rock unfortunately harms the bottom of a plough
45. The driver zigzags, bearing partly on either side
48. Small sailing vessel, sounds like a kind of bark
50. One year's income is returned to the military station abroad
52. The petrol flowed to a T—soaring!
55. 'Autumn', an item in a book lot (hyphen)
58. He never faces the bowling, but gets a duck
59. With which to explain the seasons, etc., being regular as clockwork
60. The old Irish doctor lost against the like of an Irish stew
61. Plant yielding gingili, jinjili, etc. (You may spell it differently)
62. A sucker which has a tendency to split
63. She makes him a good housewife!

#### DOWN

1. It's generally inferior, as if the bad smell at the bar isn't enough! (hyphen)
2. Coarse grass which puts most of the soil in a backward condition
3. A queer pet in which to detect an object lesson to Bruce
4. Where on approach a cry may echo
5. Males inwardly turn red with embarrassments to ladies
6. A day only partly rainy, therefore cheerful
7. To spin out—the main requirement of a colloquy
8. A note on marble, an early Latin translation, in fact
9. Being late, comes a cropper due to fog (hyphen)
10. D day—practically all of it full of action
12. Where certain birds (not Oscines) come home to roost (2 words)
13. Not magic carpet stuff, but good for a ride round the City
15. Puts up score of 4—4, etc., in timing a sly glance (to leg?)

19. Perhaps a poor type of Benedictine, or a bad sort of bubbly beer (hyphen)
21. Came undone in cunning, just like a rascal
23. Scottish prognostication to keep the Sassenachs in agitation
25. As from opening time—the state I drink with a friend
26. For a hypothetical unit of living matter reverse the design about a real one
28. The occasion when we come to a bad end
29. The reduction of forces is a matter dealt with at the top
31. To declare, i.e. the batsman is cut short before the match ends
34. Upright—somewhat hard to keep aboard a ship when rolling
35. Plain painting on plaster, dry, unaccompanied
37. Students' gathering, sounds good for trade
38. One's in error about the animals in aggregate
42. A swivel-ring for cutting teeth without those regular extremities!
46. Profits, but not worth the paper not written on!
47. A special Navy Day is approaching
49. A mockery—the one that got away
51. Moving mostly too far the wrong way
53. The no-ball ends on top of the head
54. To corner is the main occupation of brokers generally
56. An inhabitant of Madagascar, but not a seafarer (hyphen)
57. Dolichos, the state tattler, dances around

### Solution of No. 1,505

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | L | B | A | C | W | A | R | R | I |
| U | S | E | X | H | E | E | A | C |   |
| T | E | D | S | E | N | I | N | E | A |
| H | U | M | E | S | T | S | E | L |   |
| S | M | I | S | T | T | A | S | T |   |
| T | A | L | I | E | S | V | P | R | I |
| U | S | D | O | R | M | I | T | I | V |
| P | H | I | S | M | I | T | G | A | G |

#### NOTES

Across: 1. Albacore; 6. warriors; 11. torus; 12. exercise; 13. hortology; 14. chorea; 15. acorus; 16. sorted; 18. seniors; 20. cornes; 22. humorist; 24. afforests; 25. morsel; 26. smorzando; 27. aorist; 29. señorita; 30. story; 32. portal; 34. Maori; 35. crores; 36. vorpai; 37. priory; 39. chorus; 40. dormitory; 42. ivory; 43. amorphism; 45. mortgage.

Down: 1. Authores; 2. ceorls; 3. absorbed; 4. thorax; 5. scorches; 6. forwent; 7. amphorae; 8. sporrin; 9. camorra; 10. categorical; 17. castoreum; 18. endorses; 19. florist; 21. jamborees; 23. milord; 25. saporous; 26. stuporous; 28. porter; 29. algorism; 31. sportive; 33. ashore; 34. oratorios; 36. vigorous; 38. rigorism; 40. diorama; 41. aorta; 44. form; 45. torso.

1st prize: H. E. Cannings (Cocking); 2nd prize: H. W. Evans (Bebington); 3rd prize: Dr. R. C. Knight (Esher)

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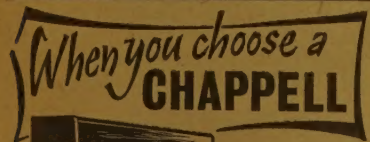
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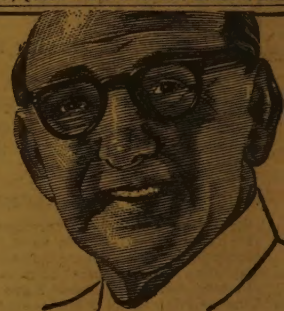
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